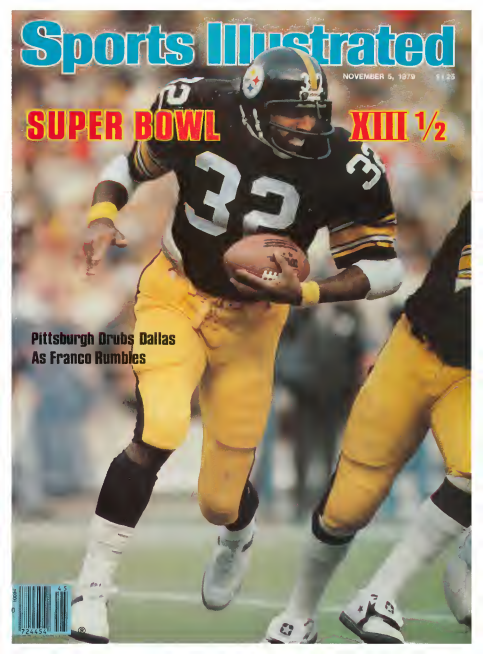


Sports Illustrated



NOVEMBER 5, 1979

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18

EPA EST. MPG

26

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Next Week

"WHEN IN DOUBT, PUNT" was Knute Rockne's enduring credo for football, and *The Rock* has a staunch advocate in Rick Telander, a former Northwestern defensive back and kicker, who has lived the lore of the art and bootied a few in the semipro

TODD TALL JONES begins a new athletic life, making the switch from football to boxing, from the Dallas Cowboys to a ring in Las Cruces, N.M., where, in his first pro fight, he meets Mexico's Yaqui Meneses in a six-rounder. William Nack reports

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



GILBERT, LYNCH AND LATEST PRIZE

Special Contributor Bill Gilbert was in New York last week to pick up his third consecutive Penney-Missouri Magazine Award, first prize in the Contemporary Living category for his article "Journey Into Spring" (SI, May 8, 1978), an account of a canoe trip down the West Branch of Pennsylvania's Susquehanna River with his daughter, Lyn. It was Lyn's second appearance in one of her father's stories, the first having been in "Thank Heaven For..." (SI, Nov. 27, 1967). She was, appropriately enough, on hand for the ceremony in Manhattan. (As industrious as he is gifted, Gilbert was a finalist in three other categories as well.)

His first Penney-Missouri award, for "My Country 'Tis of Thee" (SI, Dec. 20-27, 1976), an assessment of the state of the environment, and his second, for a two-partner on high school football in November 1977, only hint at the diversity of the subjects Gilbert has covered for us. They have ranged from fleas, worms, the sea otter and a wayward moose to women in sport and the use of drugs. Thus fall he is a visiting professor at the University of Missouri School of Journalism in Co-

lumbia, sharing his knowledge of writing and enjoying the academic environment. "I don't believe there is any way a person can be taught to write," he says, "but a person can be encouraged to do so. And I think this is well worth doing."

Gilbert's latest story, which begins on page 86, is both a profile of wolf-enthusiast Jack Lynch and an account of his struggle to preserve the last of the buffalo wolves. Lynch may know more about the wolf in captivity than any man who has ever lived; Gilbert says he is one of the most extraordinary and admirable men he has written about in his 25 years as a journalist.

Lynch's devotion to wolves is complete. He has foregone most of life's comforts to give his animals what they need, and they, in turn, have permitted him to learn their ways. "After a whole day's conversation about wolves," Gilbert says, "we were sitting inside the cabin, just relaxing, when one of them suddenly appeared at the window. 'I think one of your friends is loose,' I said. Rather than reach for his tranquilizing gun, Lynch wondered aloud what could have gone wrong within the social order of the pack. He sat quietly, mulling the problem over, then walked outside. On the theory that the wolf was probably jealous of the visitor, Lynch spoke to it softly, in comforting tones, and told it to return to its pen. The wolf simply did so."

Gilbert's description of Lynch and his magnificent obsession is, we think, another splendid job, but we can tell you right now that he is not going to win a Penney-Missouri award for 1979. His three victories make Gilbert ineligible for two years.

Robert F. Sutton

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

AN ENGROSSING VOLUME RELATES THE DOUBLE EAGLE IT'S FLIGHT TO FRANCE

It was a case of taking off in clover and landing in barley, but that didn't diminish the thrill of it one iota. In August 1978 three businessmen from New Mexico flew a helium balloon from a clover field near Presque Isle, Maine to a barley field near Paris, France. The trip lasted a few hours short of six days, and it was the first transatlantic balloon crossing. To a world jaded by the routine mechanical feats of astronauts, it was a heroic event—a stirring reminder of the perils man faces in challenging nature, and the courage he displays in conquering it.

That the event has spawned a book is no surprise; the publishing industry lies in wait for every passing sensation. What is surprising is that the flight of *Double Eagle II* has produced a very good book, one that does full justice to a dramatic story of unusual richness and complexity. Titled *Double Eagle* (Little, Brown, \$12.95), it is written by Charles McCarry with the full cooperation of the three balloonists—Ben Abruzzo, Massie Anderson and Larry Newman.

That they are brave fellows needs no certification here, but a reading of *Double Eagle* reveals precisely how brave they are. In marvelously informative detail, McCarry explains the intricacies of a sport—for ballooning is indeed a sport—that turns out to be vastly more dangerous and chancy than the nonparticipating might suppose.

It isn't just a matter of inflating a big balloon and sailing off into the wild blue yonder. Even the casual weekend balloonist must contend with intricate forces of weather, air currents and variations in topography, not to mention the complexities of navigation and ballasting. For the balloonist attempting to fly across the treacherous, unpredictable Atlantic, these complexities must be multiplied a hundredfold or more. Yet the men from Albuquerque, assisted by a singularly expert ground crew, conquered them all.

They also conquered the psychological problems created when three men of disparate temperaments are placed in very close, hazardous quarters for a very long, uncertain time. The candor with which the men spoke to McCarry about their mixed feelings for one another is admirable; he reports their tribulations and exaltations with sympathy and a candor equal to their own.

Even though we all know what happened, McCarry makes us want to know why and how it happened—and he gives the answers, warts and all.

END



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Sideline

by JIM KAPLAN

A CHANCE TO SAMPLE SOME EXOTIC SPORTS AWAITS ONE AT THIS EXPO

The 1970s have been the decade of exotic sports. Cascading at us were a number of unique pastimes—hang gliding, parakiting, windsurfing and oriscenting, among others. But what makes these sports exotic is that few of us have seen—much less experienced—them. Now, thanks to the Exotic Sports Expo, some fat-out sports of the '70s may become commonplace in the '80s.

The Exotic Sports Expo opened at the Los Angeles Convention Center in late October and will travel to seven other major markets over the next two years. After L.A., it will be seen in Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco and Philadelphia. An unusual combination of merchandising, exhibitions, demonstrations and participant activities, the Expo is a device for showcasing selected minor sports. Ron Tepper, promoter of the L.A. show, offers a sampling: "A guy who hang-glides indoors: a mountain climber who scaled the 65-foot wall of the Center in L.A.; an expert in Hwarangdo, a form of martial arts, who lies on a bed of nails with a brick on his stomach while another practitioner breaks the brick, none of the nails cutting into the subject's skin; a demonstration of trick pool shots; a four-man wet-submarine performance; and movies of sports such as chariot racing that can't be done live.

"We've got manufacturers representing 60 sports, holding exhibitions in about 400 booths. Some of the sports, such as kayaking, scuba and ballooning, are already starting to catch on. Others, like black-powder shooting, have a good future."

For those wishing to participate instead of simply watching, Tepper recommends a number of diversions, acquiring gambling tips from a Las Vegas expert; a test run on Walk-on-Water, a device that enables people to cross a body of water without getting wet; or Ho-Ball, a new game that combines the best of trampoline, volleyball and basketball. For the daring there are also schools teaching activities that range from mountain climbing to buffalo hunting.

If all this sounds extravagant, it is. The Exotic Sports Expo is the brainchild of Chase Revel, a 42-year-old millionaire entrepreneur who has owned 18 businesses in the last 22 years. In Los Angeles he was charging \$375 to \$475 per booth and \$3.50 admission in an effort to offset his expenses of \$210,000. "It's a crap shoot," said Tepper.

That sounds like an appropriate metaphor for any exotic sports expo.

ENO

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Footloose

by JIM KAPLAN

THIS 34-YEAR-OLD DERBY REMAINS A BIG DRAW FOR ANGLERS OF ALL ABILITIES

They come piling off the ferry at Vineyard Haven, Portuguese-Americans, Yankee Brahmins, teachers, businessmen, lawyers and high school kids in their Red Sox batting helmets. They return to Martha's Vineyard soon after Labor Day for good cause. The traffic of the summer season is past. The weather is the best of the year—warm days, cool nights—and there is, of course, the best reason of all: the annual unimpeded and bluefish derby. Considered one of the oldest continuous events of its kind in the country, it is a "people's derby"—one catering to expert angler, novice angler and non-angler alike.

Non-angler? Absolutely. Just observe the morning and evening weigh-ins at derby headquarters. Other derby weigh-ins are mechanical affairs held at irregular intervals, but the Vineyard's goes from precisely 8 to 10 daily, morning and evening, and is always held on Edgartown's Yacht Club wharf.

It's an unforgettable scene. Fishermen enter the small wooden building bay-eyed from lack of sleep and staggering under the weight of their huge catches. Gathering around to ooh and aah is the crowd of spectators: young and old, male and female, resident and non-resident. It is definitely a pick-up-the-babes-and-grab-the-old-ladies kind of show. Blackboards reveal up-to-date leaders in the contest, which runs from Sept. 15 to Oct. 14 each year. On the walls are textbook descriptions of fish and photos of fishermen with big ones that didn't get away. There is a wood-burning stove in the center of the room, but it is rarely used. The derby excitement generates its own warmth.

"The contest started in 1946 as a promotional idea to attract business to the island in an off-season month," says Daniel Hull, executive secretary of the Vineyard Chamber of Commerce. "I guess we've added a quarter of a million dollars to the island's gross product of some seven million, but nobody thinks of it as a promotion anymore. It's an island institution come hell or high water—mostly high water."

The Chamber of Commerce, however, does much to keep it an institution. There are daily prizes, weekly prizes, lucky-number prizes, junior (15-and-under) and senior (65-and-over) prizes—most of them consisting of play money redeemable for merchandise at island stores. But the Chamber's spirit of giving is contagious: the fishermen themselves donate many of their catches to the Vineyard's four senior-citizens councils.

Close to 2,000 fishermen register for the derby. "Three kinds of people get involved," said Jack Koonitz, a professional fisherman and journalist who writes a fishing column for the Vineyard Gazette. "There are guys who get a house and come up for a week, returning summer people and locals, who take the derby very seriously."

So seriously, in fact, that in past years the contest was plagued by the same accusations of fraud that have soured other derbies. Competitors were suspected of loading their catches with sinkers, buckshot and bait to increase the weight, or of putting the arm on assorted weighmasters to add a few ounces to the announced totals. A recent winner somehow got his fish weighed before derby headquarters opened and refused to have it photographed because he had to rush off to work. The man was self-employed. A few years ago the derby committee hired a full-time weighmaster and gave him the authority to cut open bellies and have catches reweighed at a local fish store. "I've found a little water in some fish but that's about it," said Sam Riccio, 62, the current weighmaster, at the end of a night's work. Whereupon he headed off to his job as security officer at a hotel. During derby month Riccio weighs fish each evening, stands guard at his inn all night and reports for the morning weigh-in, sleeping only in the afternoon. The derby winner is the one whose tons or bluefish compares most favorably in weight to the 10-year average for derby-winning fish of his species. Thanks to Riccio's yeoman service, no one doubted that the 1979 winner—a 55-pound, 3-ounce bass caught by Dick Hathaway of Edgartown—was the real thing. The winner was presented with a \$2,300 outboard motor. Prizes in past years have been trips to Hawaii, the Azores and Key West.

Another recent derby innovation is a separate competition for bonito and weakfish, a welcome consideration for the less skilled, who have no realistic chance at the top prize. Setting out after bonito, Captain Koonitz provided an experience for his motley crew. Harvard graduate students Denny Lund and Scott Fritson, Brooklyn truants Benjamin and Matthew Kaplan, and an aging peasant who professed to be chronicling the venture Koonitz took them off Menemsha jetty, threw out a weighted casting net and hauled in scores of blue-green herring for live bait. "When you get a bite, lower your rod until it's horizontal with the water," said the young salt, "then pull up as hard as you can." The technique proved difficult for the winter, but not for the others. In fact the youngest and lightest of the five, 68-pound, 9-year-old Matthew, weighed in with the third largest 17-pound, 8-ounce bonito of the week.

It happens all the time in the people's derby: Try it when the season rolls around again. Meanwhile, daydream about the huge bluefish out there just waiting to be caught. **END**

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The main image features three men in sports attire. On the left, a man in a white hockey helmet and red jersey holds a blue 'HOCKEY' microcassette game. In the center, a man in a red racing helmet holds a white 'AUTO RACE' microcassette game. On the right, a man in a green and white striped shirt holds a brown 'SOCCER' microcassette game. All three are smiling and looking towards the camera.



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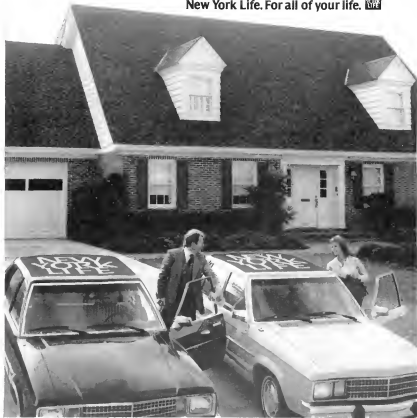
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VIEWPOINT

by BONNIE L. LUKES

ONE THING EVERYONE OUGHT TO HAVE IS A SPORT SHE CAN CALL HER OWN

Periodically, sociologists complain that we are becoming a nation of watchers instead of doers. "Spectator sports are undermining our society," they say. Wrong. As I and, I'd guess, most any other true fan knows, watching sports helps to keep us sane.

My childhood, for example, wasn't the high point of my life. In fact, I probably could have used a psychiatrist, except I didn't know what one was, and no one around me did, either. The closest thing to a shrink I had was the St. Louis Cardinals and their announcer, Harry Caray.

Any summer Sunday afternoon would find me in my family's farmhouse in Illinois, impatiently waiting by the radio. I could be in a blue funk, but once I heard "This is Harry Caray from Sportsman's Park in St. Louis," I forgot all my problems. For a few hours I lived in a world where color and pageantry, heroics and heartbreak, excitement and tension flourished, and if things went wrong there was always "next year."

The Redbirds were a perennial source of comfort and enjoyment. It didn't matter that only the barest descriptions of the sway games were sent by ticker tape to St. Louis, where Caray recreated—made up, if you will—the action in the studio. To me, he sounded as if he were right on the field. When Stan Musial came to bat and a few seconds later Harry yelled, "Holy Cow!" I knew Stan the Man had done it again. And I'd make that old farmhouse shake, rattle and roll.

If the Cards won, I was high on the world. If they lost, it was obvious the umpires had conspired against them. I felt I knew each player personally. If one was traded, I grieved. And I gathered each new rookie to my heart, exulting with him if he made it, and agonizing with him if he was sent back to the minors. In the six years when I was 12 to 18 I managed to get to St. Louis to see the Cards twice. Each visit was something of a disappointment because the players didn't seem as real to me on the field as they did when Harry Caray brought them to life on my old radio.

Later, when I moved to Los Angeles, I quit following baseball because I couldn't switch loyalties. How could a Cardinal fan root for the hated Dodgers? Why, that would be far worse than defecting to that other league!

So for several years I was not interested in sports. The teams played on, not missing me, and I was busy with a family. If anyone had asked what had become of my love for the game, I would've said that I didn't have time

for it anymore, that I had grown up, taken on responsibilities and left my youth behind. But I would have been wrong. I was haunted by a vague feeling that something was missing from my life, although exactly what it was didn't dawn on me until one night in 1962. I was idly flipping the TV dial and happened on a basketball game. Some game. It was the final night of a Boston Celtics-Los Angeles Lakers playoff series. I thought I'd watch for just a moment or two. Five minutes later I was on my knees yelling, "Go, Elgin, go!" What got me so enthused so quickly was the expert and dramatic announcing of Chick Hearn, who could incite a riot while broadcasting a game of checkers.

Once again I had a team. I followed the Lakers' progress on radio and television for seven seasons without ever seeing them in person, because with a growing family my husband and I couldn't afford the price of both a baby-sitter and the tickets. One night, after listening to a particularly exciting game, I wrote Hearn a letter to thank him for the pleasure his broadcasts gave me. In it I mentioned that though I'd never seen the Lakers play, the team was an important part of my life.

Two days later I answered the phone and heard that familiar voice say, "This is Chick Hearn." I tried to stay cool, but the best reply I could manage was, "Chi-Chick Hearn?" When I regained my composure, he explained that he was sending me free tickets for a Lakers game, because "anybody who has been such a loyal fan for so long certainly deserves to see them at least once." I was thrilled.

It was a wonderful game. The opposing team was Cincinnati, so I got the bonus of seeing Oscar Robertson play, too. Thus, Chick and the Lakers considerably brightened up a year in which one of the more trivial things I endured was brain surgery for an aneurysm.

Sports undermining our society? Nonsense. They not only provide an acceptable outlet for our aggressions, but in a world where there is little permanence, they offer stability, constancy. As a young man said to me recently, "It's reassuring to have at least one reliable thing in my life. If a basketball game is scheduled, I know it will be played. It's not contingent on whether I've been living right or on what the stock market does."

At a time when justice often seems to elude us, we can find it in sports. If the pitcher commits a balk, the runner moves up a base. We may grumble if the pitcher is playing for our team, but deep down we feel good that the rules have prevailed.

I'm no longer a rabid baseball fan. Yet, if I'm driving and heavy traffic is making me irritable and anxious, I will search for a baseball game on the radio. The announcer may not be the Harry Caray of my youth, but he offers me that same "God's in his Heaven/All's right with the world" feeling. The words "the count is one ball and two strikes" are better than any tranquilizer.

END



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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM

A DEVIL OF A TIME

The situation at Arizona State gets nastier all the time. First came the \$1.1 million lawsuit filed by a former ASU punter, Kevin Rutledge, who accused football Coach Frank Kush of punching him on the sideline during a game. Then Athletic Director Fred Miller fired Kush for allegedly lying about the incident (SI, Oct. 29). Now it turns out that the NCAA and Arizona law-enforcement officials are investigating a host of new allegations of suspected wrongdoing involving not only Kush but also his accuser, Miller, and his successor as coach, Bob Owens.

The Arizona Republic says that the NCAA has been looking into reports that Kush and Miller split \$63,000 in proceeds from a football booster banquet. If they pocketed any such money, it might be in violation of NCAA rules. And last week university President John Schwada asked the NCAA to broaden its inquiry after five ASU players gave him sworn statements. One player said that drag-strip operator Rack Lynch had offered him a car or money if he would testify against Kush. Another said that Owens, then an assistant coach, had undermined Kush by acting as an "informant" for Lynch.

The Arizona Department of Public Safety was meanwhile investigating the possibility that \$183,010 worth of complimentary football and basketball tickets was misused and that \$140,000 in ticket money was never deposited. There also were reports of ticket refunds going astray and of a delay on the part of an ASU booster club, the Sun Angel Foundation, in remitting \$585,000 in 1978 season ticket proceeds—resulting in a loss of interest to the school. There were further allegations that players had received cash payments from Arizona State boosters and that Miller was guilty of a conflict of interest because the university paid \$2,075 a month to a weight-training service owned by a man with whom Miller is associated in a health-food-supplement business. And finally, at ASU's

request, the Pac-10 was investigating possible infractions involving the transfer of credits of eight players, a probe that conference officials said could lead to forfeiture by ASU of some of this season's games.

As new clouds gathered over the ASU football program, Miller offered a point-by-point rebuttal of the accusations against him and Kush appeared on ABC-TV to deny anew that he had punched Rutledge. Since he had also been accused during his 21½ years as ASU coach of yanking players by their face masks, stepping on their hands and hitting them with pipes and boards, Kush seemed to be drawing a rather fine distinction when he said, "I've never punched a youngster skin to skin."

NUMBER, PLEASE

It took a bit of doing, but *The Phoenix Gazette's* Jerry Guibor actually found something to chuckle about while covering ASU's burgeoning scandal. Casting about for the telephone number of Gary Bouck, one of several ASU players who say they saw Kush slug Kevin Rutledge, Guibor called Chester Kropp, the Sun Devils' 73-year-old assistant equipment manager. "Chester, do you happen to have Gary Bouck's number?" he asked.

"Just a minute," Kropp said. Guibor cooled his heels for what seemed an eternity before Kropp returned to the phone. "Sixty-five," the equipment man said.

OVERFLIGHTS & OVERSIGHTS

In his just-published memoir, *White House Years*, Henry Kissinger tells of the day in 1970 that he saw photos taken from U-2 reconnaissance planes of a submarine base under construction on Cayo Alcatraz, an island off Cuba's southern coast. A soccer field was visible in the photos, and Kissinger writes, "In my eyes this stamped it indelibly as a Russian base, since as an old soccer fan I knew Cubans played no soccer."

Kissinger slights Cuban soccer. The *Asociación de Fútbol de Cuba* was

founded in 1924 and in the 1930s soccer was so popular among Cubans on Sunday afternoons that winter-league baseball games had to be played in the mornings to avoid conflicts. In 1934 Cuba defeated Haiti in a World Cup qualifying tournament before being eliminated by Mexico, and four years later made it to the final eight of the World Cup in France. Although the sport declined slightly in popularity in the '50s, it revived after Fidel Castro assumed power in 1959. Cuba has entered all World Cup qualifying tournaments since the early '60s and now has 70 organized teams, whose best players are selected for the country's blue-and-white-clad national team. At the time Kissinger was studying the U-2 photos, there were dozens of soccer fields in Cuba.

Apprised of his error last week by SI, Kissinger replied that he was glad nobody pointed it out to him in 1970. Though he reached the conclusion for the wrong reasons, the submarine base indeed turned out to be Russian and, un-



der U.S. pressure, construction was halted. Of Cuba's rich soccer tradition, Kissinger says, "If I knew in 1970 what I know in 1979, there might be a nuclear submarine base in Cuba today."

A NEW BALLY GAME

Bowie Kuhn has benched Willie Mays. The commissioner ruled last week that Mays would have to quit as goodwill ambassador and part-time coach of the New

continued

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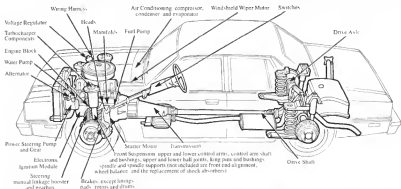
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York Mets because he planned to sign a 10-year promotional contract—"To visit hospitals and to take part in golf programs," said Mays—with Bally Manufacturing Corporation, which is opening a casino in Atlantic City this month. In acting in baseball's "best interests," Kuhn ignored the fact that gambling is just as legal in Atlantic City casinos as it is in horse racing, in which a number of prominent baseball figures, including Pirate owner John Galbreath and the late Joan Payson, who brought Mays to the Mets, have been deeply involved. Kuhn also ignored the fact that ballplayers appear in celebrity golf tournaments sponsored by casinos.

Kuhn has the unquestioned authority—and the duty—to protect baseball's integrity. While affiliations with gambling interests are a legitimate area of concern, it is hard to see how the mere signing of a promotional tie-in with Bally besmirches the game any more than the aforementioned activities about which Kuhn does nothing. In banishing Mays, the commissioner is being both inconsistent and overzealous.

THE ROCK

Cecil Fernandez was a legend in the Florida prison system, a hard-hitting, superbly conditioned 125-pounder who logged close to 200 fights against other inmates and won virtually all of them, including several knockouts of heavyweights. After serving 12 years for armed robbery and rape, "The Rock," as he was known, was paroled 18 months ago. Persuading local politicians to provide the necessary materials, he constructed a ring beneath an expressway in northwest Miami, where he helped train younger boxers. And where, at 33, he himself began preparing for a belated pro career.

Fernandez won his first professional fight and went looking for victory No. 2 on Oct. 19 in Georgetown, Guyana against Patrick Ford, a Guyana native and the WBC's eighth-ranked featherweight. It was a fierce battle in sweltering heat and Fernandez was knocked down in the opening round. But he got in some licks against the 24-year-old Ford, too—a cut above Ford's eye required four stitches—and he appeared to get stronger as the fight wore on. The ninth was Fernandez' best round. He came out with a flurry in the 10th and final round. Then, stepping back from a clinch, he collapsed, apparently without

having been struck. Ford was awarded a TKO as Fernandez sank into a coma.

Forty-eight hours later Fernandez was transferred from a Georgetown hospital to one in Miami, where his family stood vigil. His mother revealed that she had urged him to quit boxing only a week before the fight but that he had refused, with the explanation that he intended to be world champion. That goal eluded him. Last Wednesday morning the Rock died of a brain injury he had suffered in the fight in Guyana.

FROM PEKING TO FLAGSD

The International Olympic Committee's executive board last week cleared the way for the People's Republic of China to take part in the 1980 Winter Games next February in Lake Placid. At a meeting in Nagoya, Japan, the board passed a resolution that Nationalist China, whose presence in the Olympic movement prompted the mainland Chinese to bolt the IOC in 1958, compete henceforth as "China Taipei" rather than under its preferred name of the Republic of China and refrain from using its own flag or anthem. The resolution is expected to be approved by a majority of the IOC's 89 members in time for Peking to meet the Dec. 1 deadline for entering the Winter Games. Savoring that prospect, Song Zhong, secretary general of the mainland Chinese Olympic Committee, lauded the board's action as "extremely realistic and reasonable."

The Nationalist Chinese disagreed. Noting that the IOC board had arrived at what was ostensibly a two-China compromise, Lawrence Ting, vice-president of Taiwan's Olympic Committee, said ruefully that his country "was like an expectant father wondering whether the baby would be a boy or a girl, and it turned out to be twins." Ting and other Nationalist officials termed "completely unacceptable" the IOC proposal that they come up with a new flag and anthem for Olympic purposes. Unless they change their minds, their country could be out of the Olympics.

The U.S., which now maintains diplomatic relations with Peking but not Taiwan, had advised the IOC that it would have been "embarrassed" had a Taiwanese team entered the U.S. under the name Republic of China to compete in the Winter Games. Last week's action thus came as a relief to Washington. It no doubt also pleased the 300 athletes

in the People's Republic who are training for the '80 Olympics, including not only figure and speed skaters bound for Lake Placid but also a good-sized contingent preparing for the Summer Games in Moscow.

WHERE DID THE BALL GO?

If what happened the other evening in New Haven, Conn. is a portent, the People's Republic of China may have some stupefying deeds in store for Olympic spectators. The Chinese gymnastics team was making a two-week tour of the U.S., and owners of the New Haven Night-hawk hockey team invited the visitors to a game and arranged for women's Coach Qu Derui to enter a between-periods "Shoot the Puck" contest in which fans vie for a 1980 Chevette. To win the car, one had to shoot a puck through a four-inch aperture in a target 60 feet away, something only two contestants had accomplished in eight years.

So imagine everyone's shock at the shot Qu got off. He had never been to a hockey game and, after whacking at the puck, he closed his eyes. When he opened them, he asked through an interpreter, "Where did the ball go?" The roar of the 4,018 fans in the Veterans Memorial Coliseum told the story: astonishingly, the puck had gone in. When he realized he had won the car, Qu trotted around the rink jubilantly, arms aloft. Rather than go to the trouble of shipping the car to China, Qu accepted a check for \$4,000 for the benefit of the Chinese Gymnastics Federation. But not before he and other members of the Chinese delegation, few of whom had ever been behind the wheel of a car, had taken turns driving the Chevette around an open area in the arena.

THEY SAID IT

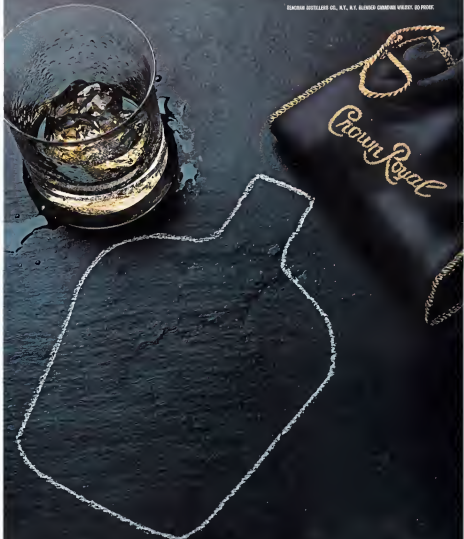
- Reggie Theus, one of three Chicago Bull guards—the others are Ricky Sobers and Sam Smith—from Nevada-Las Vegas: "If we get one more player from Nevada-Las Vegas, the NBA will put us on probation."

- Tony Mason, Arizona football coach, on the difficulty of recruiting against Southern Cal's John Robinson: "I sell cactus. He sells Heismans."

- Cliff Parsley, Houston Oilers punter, on kicking specialists' salaries: "People think our income is much greater than it really is. I'm barely making enough to pay off my Cadillac."

END

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The butler did it.

CURTAIN CALL FOR THE STEELERS

Once again the computerized Cowboys tried to play tricks on Pittsburgh, and once again they were folded, spindled and mutilated by that Steel Curtain defense
by PAUL ZIMMERMAN





CONTINUED

The Pittsburgh Steelers are a bunch of roughnecks with money in their pockets. The Dallas Cowboys figured that if you want to take it away from them, you don't use a blackjack. You use three shells and a pea. So, in the great computer room in Dallas, Tom Landry punched the button marked Steelers, the machines whirled and hummed, and the printout came out titled: Finesse. Sub-heading: Trickery.

Look at what the Cowboys were up against. The Steelers' defensive line has a tackle called Mean Joe and an end called Mad Dog. Their middle linebacker has almost no teeth. Their right linebacker is named Dirt. And their quarterback ... man, if Terry Bradshaw ain't limping and bleeding, the argument hasn't even started.

The computer told the Cowboys what to do, but here's the funny thing about computers. They can't cut down a linebacker or move out a defensive tackle; they can't get down in a four-point stance and fight off a double-team. And when the verdict was in at Three Rivers Sta-

dium in Pittsburgh last Sunday, when the Steelers had stopped every bit of flim-flammy and gimmickry the Cowboys threw at them and had knocked Roger Staubach out of the box while winning by a 14-to-3 score, Mean Joe Greene, the elder statesman of the defensive line, drew a deep breath and pronounced in that deliberate way of his, "Dallas is a team that tries to fool you. They wait for you to make a mistake. Well, what happens when they don't fool you? Can they blow you out?" And he looked up and paused for a moment. "I think not."

This was nothing new in the recent history of the Dallas-Pittsburgh series. The computer has been feeding the Cowboys that same information since they played the Steelers in Super Bowl X in 1976, when Thomas Henderson almost broke the opening kickoff for a TD off a reverse, a gimmick play. Dallas has been trying to relive that magic moment ever since. Remember the flea flicker the Cowboys tried against the Steelers in Super Bowl XIII last January? That one cost them almost two freeway exits worth of yardage. But still the Cowboys try to bamboozle the Steelers, and Pittsburgh has now beaten them four straight, including Super Bowls X and XIII. Sooner

or later the message will get through: Hey, Tom, the Steelers know which shell the pea is under.

On Sunday Dallas shot the works, or as Pittsburgh Defensive End John Banaszak said, "We got a look at the whole computer." The Cowboys tried Tony Dorsett on a halfback option pass in the second quarter, during Dallas' only genuine scoring drive of the first half. Cornerback Ron Johnson smelled out the play and tied up the receiver, Drew Pearson, so Dorsett had to eat the ball. "He kicked him and he held him," Dorsett said. "He latched on to him pretty good." The Cowboys settled for a 32-yard field goal, and that was their scoring.

They also tried Dorsett on a Statue of Liberty out of the shotgun; that play was whistled back for holding. Late in the second quarter, with Pittsburgh leading 7-3, the Cowboys tried their wildest gamble of all. On fourth-and-5 from the Dallas 31, Danny White rolled to his right out of punt formation and passed toward Jay Saldi 20 yards downfield. The ball was overthrown, but the Steelers had it covered anyway; no one was fooled by this rather exotic play that White had called on his own.

"We were playing for it every time they went into punt formation," Steeler Coach Chuck Noll said.

"A terrible play, just terrible," Greene said, shaking his head. "The odds were too long, the risk too great."

"It was a sign of frustration building up," said White, who wound up quarterbacking the Cowboys after L. C. Greenwood sent Staubach from the game with a concussion with 13:19 left. "Against a team like the Steelers, you have to make a big play, so I went ahead and called it. Coach Landry didn't say much to me on the sideline except, 'You can't do it down there.' He's not through with me yet. I'll be hearing more about it on Tuesday."

All game long the Cowboys ran their man-in-motion plays and their multiple sets. At one point the tight end bumped into one of the linemen, and another time the center snapped the ball before anyone was set. And at the end of the game, Dallas was whistled twice in a row for false starts—and the crowd was laughing at the Cowboys.

There was one big play in the game—one—and it wrapped things up for the Steelers. It came midway through the third quarter, after another replay of a

Greenwood's hit left Staubach seeing stars and Steelers Dunn and Banaszak (76) seeking the ball



scene that has become all too familiar to Pittsburgh fans.

Bradshaw seemed in trouble, having limped off the field on a stiff right leg at the end of the previous series. "I caught a knee or an elbow in the back of my knee," he said. "I didn't know what was wrong with it." He was bleeding from the mouth, thanks to a Henderson blitz, and his left hand was going numb from a blow he "couldn't quite remember." Mike Kruczek, the No. 2 quarterback, was warming up in a hurry, and as Dallas ran half a dozen plays from its own end, the Steelers trainers were toying with the idea of sending Bradshaw into the locker room for X rays on the arm.

"I felt sort of, well, goofy, like I was there, but I really wasn't. Like I was on something," Bradshaw said. "But by the time they pumted, I was ready to get back out on the field."

"He was rubbing his arm, he was limping, and a little blood was coming from his mouth," Lynn Swann said. "But I wasn't worried. I only pay attention when he looks real bad."

"We don't panic anymore," said Left Tackle Jon Kolb. "Terry's been that way so often. He's a tough guy. Hey, in St. Louis they took him off on a stretcher,

and then at halftime I saw them taping him up, getting him ready for the second half. We weren't worried today. I mean, I don't want to oversimplify this, but there are so many things to worry about out there."

In the huddle Bradshaw called 35-trap—Franco Harris carrying over the left side, with Kolb blocking down on Randy White, the tackle to his inside, and Right Guard Gerry Mullins coming around and trapping End Harvey Martin.

It hadn't been much of a day for Harris to that point. Ten carries for 30 yards, one pass caught for minus one yard. The Steelers' publicity department had been hard at work, chronicling the statistical milestones for Franco—fifth-leading rusher of all time, third man to rush for 8,000 yards in his first eight seasons, etc.—but the coaching staff had been gradually easing his workload on the field. Rocky Bleier had been coming in for him on third and long, and there had been stories written that Franco was on the downside of his career, that he had lost a step or two.

The 35-trap got him healthy again quick, at least for one afternoon. He broke it neatly, brushing by White, who was out of position, faking out Cliff Har-

ris, the free safety, hardling Strong Safety Randy Hughes, who was laid out on the ground, and he was home free—48 yards in all, and his second TD of the day.

"I'd like to say I made a key block on the play," Kolb said. "but I'd be lying. White pinched inside and took himself out of the play. Bob Breunig, the middle linebacker, was flying to the outside so fast that, well, he flew right by me. Mullins trapped Martin and I was left with no one to block. They didn't need me."

"No, I didn't block Martin," Mullins said. "Maybe he penetrated, or something, but he just wasn't there, so I turned upfield and got a small piece of D. D. Lewis [the outside linebacker], but by that time Franco was by me."

That was the Steelers' brand of computerized football: on the big play, their two key blockers had no one to block.

The Steelers gave Bradshaw magnificent protection. He was sacked once, on a safety blitz by Harris, but Dallas' front four didn't get near him. His completion percentage was low, 11 for 25, a credit to the Cowboys' coverage, particularly Benny Barnes on Swann. But one of the crucial pregame issues—how the Steelers would handle Dallas' newfound pass rush—never materialized. *continued*

As Drew Pearson comforted his kayped quarterback, another Cowboy called for help. Later, Stashbach, who sustained a concussion, wondered what hit him.





There were no Cowboys standing in Franco Harris' way as he booted through the line on the 3D trap.



Cliff Harris (43) had a good shot, but after one

SUPER BOWL XIII continued

The Cowboys had been on a sacking rampage, with 12 in their previous two games. Some people credited it to the humiliating things that had been said about the previous non-rush, others to the acquisition of former All-Pro Defensive End John Dutton, who cost Dallas first- and second-round draft choices in a trade with Baltimore three weeks ago. "That deal shook up a lot of people," one Cowboys says. "For years we'd lived with the family concept, everything from within the organization. When they go outside and bring someone in, it hits you in your most sensitive area—your job security."

So the sacks came, but they occurred against Los Angeles and St. Louis, two teams with crippled offensive lines. Dutton was activated and used in Pittsburgh as a third-and-long pass rusher at left end. The former designated rusher at that spot, rookie Bruce Thornton, rushed from left tackle. It didn't work. Thornton seemed lost inside, and Dutton was very rusty. Steeler Right Tackle Larry Brown had no trouble with him.

But the Cowboys didn't lose because of their defense; holding a high-powered team like Pittsburgh to 14 points is hardly an embarrassment, and the Steelers were only 3 for 15 on third-down conversions. The story of the game was pret-

ty much the same as it had been in the last three meetings of these teams—Pittsburgh's defense can't be flummoxed by computerized football.

Dennis (Dirt) Winston, Pittsburgh's right linebacker, put it very bluntly. "It's better to hit than to think," he said. "The man who thinks out there is lost."

An oversimplification, perhaps, but Winston is a very elemental person. He was also a target on Sunday. The Cowboys' computer decided Winston would be the focal point of the Dallas attack. He's a young, ferocious hitter whose clothesline shots won him the nickname Dirty Dennis—inevitably shortened to Dirt—at the University of Arkansas. A converted middle linebacker and special-teams hitman who was starting for the injured Robin Cole, Dirt would get the full treatment—Dorsett on sweeps and outbacks to his side, Dorsett and Preston Pearson on swing passes and screens, the works.

Well, Winston wound up with a game ball, not to mention 10 solo tackles and three assists. Noll called him the best player on the field.

"If they run their plays from a computer, they ought to check that computer out," Winston said. "Coaching's a manmade thing. You can't let a computer coach you. We don't have any computers in Pittsburgh."

That is a rather harsh thing to say about one of the soundest organizations in football and one of history's ablest coaches, Tom Landry, but strangely enough, there were echoes of the same sentiment in the Dallas locker room.

"Maybe we were too complicated; maybe we tried to put in too much in one week," Danny White said. "Several times we lined up in the wrong formation. A few times we went off-side. Everyone was so busy thinking out there. Everyone was so worried about getting his assignment right. It's just tough to think and be natural at the same time. To go 100%. We had a great week of practice, but every team in the NFL is undefeated in practice. I think we tried to outsmart the Steelers instead of out-physicallying them. How many dropped passes did we have today?"

Ten, was the bad news. "Ten," White said, shaking his head. "Maybe we heard footsteps. That's part of the Steelers' intimidation, but I think it's something else. We have great receivers, but today they weren't fluid; they weren't natural. They were too tight and keyed up. You know, our whole operation is based on intellect. Our offense is based on hiding our intentions. All that movement we use is to prevent the defense from seeing off on us. Our draft is geared to the intelligent athlete. We don't



Franco takes Cliff and heading the other way



This scene—Bradshaw celebrating another Franco TD—is something Dallas has seen a lot too often.

draft big-muscled weight lifters who can't count to 10. It's tough to change your whole philosophy and start drafting bigger, stronger guys who'll go out and hit and don't want to thank."

The question facing Landry as he sits in the silence of the film room and watches his Cowboys getting knocked around by the guys in the black and gold is this: Does he stick with a philosophy that's eminently successful for the great mass of NFL competition but simply won't work against one team? Or does he switch gears and come out roaring? Each of the Cowboys' seven victories this year has been against a team with a losing record. The only winning teams they've faced—Pittsburgh and Cleveland—beat them. And the last time the Cowboys scored as few as three points—against Washington in the NFC championship in 1972—they took the same kind of physical beating they received from the Steelers.

"I don't think we really have to change anything," Landry said. "Pittsburgh just played an excellent defensive game. Even as poorly as we played offensively, we had chances to go in once or twice, but couldn't. If we do, it's a different story."

"If," Bradshaw said. "Always the big if."

"We played them close in two Super Bowls," Staubach said. "Denver beat

them in the playoffs, and we beat Denver in the Super Bowl. Who's so say who's better?"

A lump was forming behind Staubach's left ear. He had tried to scramble out of a rush, but Banaszak and Gary Dunn had teed him up and Greenwood had connected, rendering him unconscious for a minute or so. "It's not that bad, really," Staubach said. "There was a time when I didn't know where I was,

and my face started to get numb, but I felt I could have gone back in."

Staubach is 37 years old. He shouldn't have to take the kind of beating the Steelers gave him, but it goes with the paycheck. He says he'd like another crack at Pittsburgh this season. "You get hungry to beat 'em, you know?" he said.

The trouble is, Pittsburgh has hungry people, too. And smart people. Better not try to fool them again.

RND

HOSEA HAD 'EM SINGING HOSANNA

In the end, the job of determining the outcome of last Saturday's showdown between two giants of the Southwest Conference—undefeated Houston and undefeated Arkansas—was left to the smallest player on the field. That was Ismael Ordóñez, the Razorback place-kicker, who stands 5' 6½" in his kicking shoes, weighs—he claims—153 pounds and doesn't look old enough to be Arkansas' water boy, much less its giant killer. Yet, with four seconds remaining to play and the No. 4-ranked Razorbacks trailing the No. 6-ranked Cougars 13-10, it was Ordóñez whom Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz dispatched to save the day.

Ordóñez' task was a relatively easy one by his standards: kick a 41-yard field goal with a strong tail wind. True, a three-pointer would only tie the score, but for the Razorbacks that would be a victory of sorts. The winner of the Southwest Conference goes to the Cotton Bowl. When two or more teams end up tied atop the standings, the bowl bid goes to the school that has played there least recently. Among this year's title contenders—Houston, Arkansas and Texas—that would be the Razorbacks, who haven't spent New Year's Day in Dallas since 1976. Arkansas had taken a big step toward the 1980 Cotton Bowl a week earlier when an Ordóñez field goal provided the deciding points as the Razorbacks handed Texas its only 1979 loss, 17-14.

Arkansas couldn't have left its fate in more competent hands. Or, rather, feet. Last year Ordóñez, who is called Ish, became the first kicker in SWC history to lead the conference in scoring. He converted his last six field-goal attempts of 1978, and by the time he trotted onto the artificial turf with four seconds remaining in last Saturday's game, he had extended that streak to an NCAA-record 16. And done it under pressure. Four weeks ago Ordóñez had surpassed the old mark, 11, held by four players, with a 46-yarder that beat TCU 16-13 with seven seconds left in the game.

As Ordóñez positioned his tee, the 43,319 fans in Razorback Stadium rose howling to their feet. It was that perfect match of a man and a moment that only

Lordy be, Tackle Hosea Taylor kept Houston unbeaten and, as important, untied by knocking down Arkansas' last-second field-goal attempt **by JOE MARSHALL**

sport can provide. The snap came back, the ball was put in place, and Ordóñez, head down, swung his foot into it. Quickly he looked up, then just as quickly turned his back and swung his foot again, this time in disgust. In the center of the line, Houston's 6' 5", 265-pound Hosea Taylor had leaped high, stretching his hands skyward, only to be clobbered in the head by the ball, which caromed off his helmet and was still rolling downfield as the gun sounded.

The win raised Houston's record to 7-0, the best start ever by a Cougar team. This was also Houston's 200th career victory, not bad for a school that played its first game in 1946. The Cougars didn't join the Southwest Conference until 1976. "We're the new boys on the block," says Frank Schultz, Houston's sports information director. "We don't have any real tradition yet." Then again, maybe the Cougars do. They are making a tradition out of going to the Cotton Bowl. Houston has made it twice in its first three years in the SWC and will head there again this season unless Texas derails them two weeks hence and throws the conference into a tie that could yet put the Razorbacks in the Cotton Bowl.

Despite these recent successes and the fact that Houston has finished in the Top 20 in 10 of the last 13 seasons, the Cougars have a Dangerfield complex—they groan that they don't get no respect. The most recent example came just two weeks ago when Houston shellacked SMU 37-10 and nonetheless dropped from fifth to sixth in the AP poll. The problem is apparently one of image. Back in the 1960s, when Houston was an independent constantly being snubbed in its attempts to join the Southwest Conference, it gained a reputation as an outlaw school, a notion fueled when it was put on NCAA probation in 1966 and strengthened further when it went back on probation two seasons ago. Over the years the school's academic credentials had frequently been ridiculed, and even

this year, at Texas A&M, Aggie fans taunted Houston with an old epithet: "Beat the hell out of Cougar High." "We have to get our image to where our program is," says Houston's upstart new athletic director, Cedric Dempsey. "Right now it's 10 years behind."

Houston's football success may be 10 years ahead of what could reasonably have been expected, and this can be attributed directly to Bill Yeoman, who has been coaching the Cougars since 1962. Since then, Houston has led the nation in total offense three times. Yet even Yeoman has been slighted—as in 1976 when he turned what had been a 2-8 team into a Cotton Bowl champion—the best he could do was finish second in Coach of the Year balloting.

This year Yeoman is displaying his coaching prowess once again by winning without his customary offensive firepower. Gone from the Cougars are last year's starting quarterback (conference MVP Danny Davis), two 1,000-yard rushers (Emmett Kling and Randy Love) and Wide Receiver Willis Adams, who was drafted in the first round by Cleveland. As a result Houston has had trouble scoring. But Cougar opponents have had even more trouble getting on the board. Arkansas was the fifth team in seven games to score only 10 points against Houston. The Cougar defense is led by two massive tackles—Taylor, who in high school was named the top defensive player in the nation by Parade magazine, and 6' 7" Leonard Mitchell. Mitchell is also a starter for Houston's basketball team at center, a position he plays with all the finesse of a 272-pound defensive tackle.

Still, Holtz was more worried about containing Yeoman's offense than moving the ball. "Patience is not a virtue of all teams," he had said. "I don't think Houston will be content to beat us tackle to tackle. I'm going to give them the inside in order to take the outside away. Sooner or later they're going to want

to go out there, and we'll be ready."

On Houston's first possession the Cougars, as predicted, ran impressively to the inside and used 15 plays to drive from their own 20 to the Arkansas two. From there they could easily have punched the ball up the middle for the score. Instead, on first down Quarterback Delrick Brown sprinted to his right, encountered traffic and attempted an option pitchout to Running Back John Newhouse, whose cousin Robert plays for the Dallas Cowboys. The pitch was low, Newhouse bobbled it, and Arkansas Cornerback Trent Bryant recovered. Score one for Holtz.

Holtz planned a conservative attack, running inside at Houston's strength—"Because," he said, "that's also where we're strongest." This strategy paid quick dividends, too. On the first Razorback play from scrimmage, freshman Running Back Gary Anderson burst 46 yards off right guard. Four plays later a 35-yarder by Ordonez gave Arkansas a 3-0 lead.

Then, in the second quarter, the Razorbacks marched 80 yards in 12 plays for their only touchdown. In that drive Quarterback Kevin Scanlon, who broke nearly all of Joe Namath's career passing records at Beaver Falls (Pa.) High School, completed three first-down passes before covering the final 34 yards himself on two consecutive runs.

Unfortunately, in between these two scores came the first of three disastrous turnovers of the sort that Holtz had figured his cautious offensive plans would eliminate. Indeed, before the game, he stated flatly, "I don't think we'll fumble." As an afterthought, he added, "But then I'm not carrying the ball." Five plays after Bryant's fumble recovery had stopped the Cougars' opening drive, Anderson fumbled at Arkansas' 25-yard line and Grady Turner, a Houston linebacker, fell on the ball. The Cougars quickly turned that error into a touchdown and a 7-3 lead. The TD came on a five-yard run

by Terald Clark, who led all rushers in the game with 135 yards. After Scanlon's score had put Arkansas back in front 10-7, the Razorbacks made their second costly turnover. Midway through the third quarter they marched 58 yards to the Houston four. A score would have opened up a 17-7 lead. Instead, Scanlon fumbled while attempting a hand-off to Anderson, and Mitchell recovered.

Houston tied the score early in the fourth quarter when Cornerback Kenny Hatfield, who doubles as the Cougars' placekicker, booted a 37-yard field goal into a wind gusting to 25 mph, a remarkable kick in light of the fact that earlier he had been short from 46 yards with a gale at his back. The Cougars got their chance to go ahead when Turner, who had 19 tackles in the game, got his second turnover by intercepting a Scanlon pass. This time Houston played it close to the vest, marching 61 yards and eating up most of the remaining 6:08 by running trap plays

through the middle of the Arkansas line. Twice in that drive the Razorbacks appeared to have recovered Cougar fumbles, but both times the referee ruled that play had been whistled dead before the ball popped loose. With 1:12 remaining, Hatfield kicked a 19-yard field goal to put Houston ahead 13-10.

But Arkansas still had that one final, fatal fling. Ordonez' game-ending attempt was set up by a play involving his counterpart, Hatfield. With 12 seconds left and the ball at midfield, Scanlon lobbed a desperation pass to Wide Receiver Robert Farrell. Hatfield, who's a 6-footer, was the defender, and the 6' 5" Farrell outjumped him for the ball. "He's so much taller that he could go up with two hands while I could only go up with one," Hatfield explained. "I got my fingers on the ball, but it seemed to stick to his hands like glue."

On came Ordonez. But another of his storybook endings was simply not to be. And what made victory all the sweeter for the image-conscious Cougars was that one of their players had clinched this game by using his head. **END**

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES DRAKE



Ordonez (3) had converted 16 straight field-goal tries before Taylor (90) used his head to break the string



THE BIG CHEESE IN PHILADELPHIA

Annual fizzles have prevented the 76ers from becoming their city's best-known product, but now a rejuvenated Dr. J, the Gruesome Twosome, the Mayor of Mixville and the Dunkin' DeeJay are creaming the opposition **by JOHN PAPANKE**

Right now, Doug Collins is laughing. Julius Erving is grinning. Bobby Jones is dreaming. Sieve Mix is orating. Darryl Dawkins is flying and the 76ers are running their poor NBA brethren into ragged exhaustion.

Philadelphia continued to destroy the Eastern Conference last week, picking off Indiana, New York and Cleveland. But while an 8-0 start with an average winning margin of nearly 12 points would make the turnstiles spin in most other towns, fans in the city that calls itself the Big Pretzel are not to be so moved so soon. Recent history has taught them that no matter how the Sixers start out, they end up with big pretzels stuck in their throats. Two seasons have come and gone since the 76ers lost the 1977 championship finals to Portland and Erving made his ill-advised "we owe you one" promise. And even though the 76ers' 152-94 regular-season record over the by the Trail Blazers, Philadelphia is still most famous for cream cheese.

So, you may ask, what's new? Well, how about everything. Collins is his indefatigable self again after foot injuries caused him to miss 35 games last year. Maurice Cheeks is no longer a rookie; instead, he's the league leader in assists. Erving has revitalized knees. Bobby Jones has a new role (sixth man), Caldwell Jones has a new position (power forward), and Dawkins has a new job (starting center), a new attitude ("my play years are over"), not to mention a new home planet (Chocolate Paradise). Lovetron obviously having disintegrated after the 76ers squabbled their way out of last year's playoffs.

And then there is Mix. The muscular 31-year-old forward has a new piece of real estate, the right side of the offensive

court, from which he seems incapable of missing. Mixville. And he is the mayor, city council and electorate. In their last four games the 76ers got single-quarter bursts of 14, 16, 18 and 12 points out of Mixville, the last three being fourth quarters that flat out won games. Over this period Mix scored 81 points in 81 minutes and hit 36 of 47 shots, which works out to a fairly hot percentage of 76.5.

And there's more. The mumbblers and grumblers of the old soap-opera Sixers are gone. Joe (Jelly Bean) Bryant and Eric Money being the latest to go the way of Lloyd Free and George McGinnis. As General Manager Pat Williams likes to say, "The team has been cleansed." What

Couch Billy Cunningham is left with is a team of eight regular role-players. Reserve Guard Henry Bibby, for example, turned in a heroic 46-minute performance when Cheeks missed the Cleveland game and then Collins missed the second half. The 76ers also have three rookies who, get this, don't complain. Why, the 76ers, just yesterday the NBA's own Tower of Babel, are suddenly rock-solid and singing songs of brotherly love to the accompaniment of Kool and the Gang ("Every damn game," says a smiling Collins, sitting in front of Dawkins' pulsating, refrigerator-sized tape deck on the bus to the Richfield Coliseum). And one more thing—because 74% of the Six-

continued

An off-season knee-strengthening program was just what the Doctor ordered to revive his scoring



A tip-off on Philadelphia's improved game is Dawkins' higher-flying play, but lower-key life-style.



SIXERS continued

ers' schedule will be played against the somewhat weaker Eastern Conference clubs, Philadelphia is the closest thing to a cinch for the NBA's best record and, thus, the home-court advantage through the playoffs.

Now Erving can say, "Mentally there's a much better feeling here than ever before," and not be picking your pocket at the same time. "Darryl and Caldwell are controlling the boards so consistently that when one gets beat the other is right there. Our backup forwards were both former All-Stars. Maurice runs the offense, so Doug and I just fly out on the break. Me? I haven't felt so good physically or mentally since my rookie year."

The Erving knees, heavily braced against chronic weakness for six seasons, are no longer under wraps after Doc spent the summer undertaking a concentrated leg-strengthening program supervised by Joseph Zohar, a Long Island physical therapist. Erving opened the season with a 27-point night in Washington

and followed it with an NBA career-high 44 points in the second game, against Houston. He had a 27-point average, six over his three-year NBA scoring rate, through last week.

"Julius is getting points more quietly than he did in the ABA," says Bobby Jones. "You used to stop and just watch him. Now he just goes and goes and you hardly notice him. When he scored 44 I thought it was more like 20." Which is not to say that he has given up flying like the Dr. J of yore. For the New York television audience on Friday night he did a couple of incredible scooping lay-in drives and one classic behind-the-head breakaway jam on his way to 27 points in a 127-116 win over the Knicks.

Erving's and Collins' (33 points against New York) license to run free is the result of the punishing inside work of 14 feet and 475 pounds worth of power, in the persons of Dawkins and Caldwell Jones. Cunningham threw the two together in a training-camp experiment and ended up creating a monster—behold, the Gruesome Twosome. Together they average 24 rebounds and 22 points. When Dawkins runs into foul trouble, as is his wont, Jones takes up the slack, as he did Friday, getting 17 rebounds and holding the Knicks' powerful rookie center, Bill Cartwright, to four second-half points, after Cartwright had drawn four early fouls by Dawkins. The next night in Cleveland, Dawkins covered for a tired Jones, ripping down 17 rebounds of his own. He thought he had 18, but one of them was actually Dave Robisch's head, which Dawkins tried to pass to Bibby.

"We're really an awesome rebounding team," says Collins. "When I'm on the floor and the ball is in the air, I can just see fear on the other guys' faces."

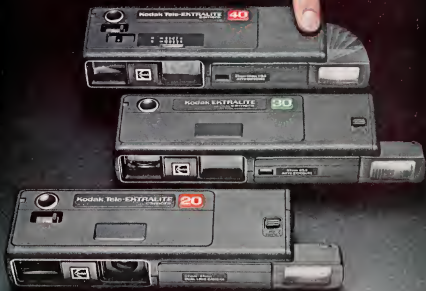
Cunningham feels that Caldwell Jones might be the 76ers' most important player. "Nobody notices him because he's quiet," says Cunningham. "But he amazes me. He plays forward, he plays center. As long as I'm coaching and he's healthy, I want him with me."

And Dawkins, draped with ever more gold chains, and wearing a huge cowboy hat as he laughs his way through life, would be a mere 22-year-old rookie had he gone to college. Instead, he is a four-year veteran and one of the Sixers' old hands. "I've seen things that some 30-year-old men haven't," he says. "And done them, too." Starting regularly for

continued

Mix (left) has been a point-a-minute sensation as a sub, while Caldwell Jones has been effective on the boards, with 13.1 rebounds a game.





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the first time since Cunningham took over the team in 1977. Dawkins is ripping rebounds out of the air one-handed. His fouling is a liability, but at least part of the reason he frequently gets called for personals is that he looks so mean. In a game against New Jersey, for instance, he set a perfectly legal pick on Winfred Boynes. But Boynes bounced right off him, and the official predictably whistled Dawkins for a blocking foul. Says Cunningham, "I've been telling him, 'Darryl, when a man bounces off of you like that, fall back a little bit in the other direction.'"

At least the once impetuous Dawkins is thinking about his future. He says he's considering boxing former Dallas Cowboy Ed (Too Tall) Jones, but he won't take him "until they build a stronger ring." Meanwhile he is looking to build his own media empire, beginning with a radio station he would call WLOVE, featuring himself as "Chocolate Thunder, the Dunkin' DeeJay."

Dawkins' muscle aside, perhaps the Sixers' greatest strength is their bench. "We feel if we play the other team even with our starters, we will gain with our subs," says Erving. Bobby Jones is in the John Havlicek mold as a sixth man and, having been a starter for all of his five-year career, relishes the role. "I get fewer minutes but they are more intense minutes," he says. When B. Jones comes in, C. Jones usually moves to center to kick the break into a higher gear. Then comes Mix, into Erving's spot, and so far there has been no offensive sacrifice. Mix has been on one long, hot dice roll.

"I came into camp wanting to prove a point," he says. "The point is that 31 is not too old for some players. I didn't want to be the fourth forward or even the third." Just being in the NBA should be enough for this guy. Eight years ago he was waived out of the league by Detroit. He unsuccessfully tried out for Boston, Denver, the Nets and 76ers and ended up in Grand Rapids going to school, working midnight-to-8 shifts filling orders for a wine distributor and playing for the Grand Rapids Tackers—the owner was in the carpet business—of the old Continental League. "We got \$85 for a loss and \$105 for a win," Mix says. Two years later, after finally sticking with the 76ers, he was an NBA All-Star.

In last week's 132-110 defeat of Indiana, Mix went 8 for 8 in the fourth

quarter, then belittled the performance saying, "I'm like a '57 Pontiac. I'm going in and bumping until everything falls apart." Two nights later he took over again when the Sixers trailed the Knicks 88-87 at the start of the final period. He threw up a lefthanded 12-footer from the right corner, a brick that looked like it would shatter glass, only it somehow fell in. Then he hit another from the right of the foul circle. Then a cross-lane hook. Then another shot from the right... and another, until he had 18 points and had turned a close game into a blowout.

In the locker room, 76er Assistant Coach Jack McMahon said, "You know what I expected. Steve?" McMahon pantomimed a football dropkick. "The ultimate three-point field goal."

Mix presided over his own press conference as Mayor of Mixville, explaining that he does almost all his shooting from the right side of the court "because that was the side of my driveway that didn't have a garage. We held a city council meeting after the Indiana game to see if we could incorporate a little of the left side of the floor, but that was voted down. Now we're trying to get a piece near the top of the key. Property values are starting to go up."

The game in Cleveland on Saturday should have been a disaster for the Sixers. Checks was out with an ankle sprain, Collins took a knee in the third quarter, and the Cavaliers, not one of your power teams, cruised to a 20-6 lead. Erving shot 1 for 10, and the Gruesome Twosome & Co. were outrebounded by the likes of John Lambert, Robisch and Mike Mitchell 31-20 in the first half. In the third quarter the Sixers were down by 15. Clearly it was time for some urban renewal. The Mayor of Mixville hit 12 points in the final seven minutes, and Philadelphia won going away 112-106.

Cunningham studied the stat sheet and saw that Mix was 6 for 7. "Hey, Steve," he yelled. "You missed a shot tonight."

"Sabotage," yelled Mix.

It was a particularly proud game for the 76ers—a generally miserable performance that nonetheless resulted in a win. That represented a marked contrast to other years when they often played quite well and managed to lose.

"Maybe next summer," said Collins, "I'll be able to say thank you to people. That will be better than trying to tell them what happened again."

END

A LEGEND IN

Three Americans, one a woman, journeyed to the Highlands to try some ancient Scottish

Almost 80 years ago, in the valley of the River Dee, Alexander Anthony Cameron of Dochanassie came to the village of Inver, where rested a stone of great fame—a *clach cuid fàr*, or manhood stone, which up till then had resisted the efforts of every stout Scot who had tried to lift it. The Inver Stone was, and for that master still is, a smooth, gray granite boulder shaped through the centuries by the watery nudgings of the Dee into an almost geometrically perfect sphere weighing 268 pounds. It was—and is—the largest manhood stone in Scotland, and Cameron had come 130 miles with the firm intention of raising it from the ground and placing it on a waist-high wall.

For hundreds of years young Highlanders had tested themselves in this fashion on these stones, most of which weighed between 175 and 225 pounds, and it was part of the rite of passage from boyhood for a lad to go to the home of his chieftain or laird and lift the local stone onto a wall. The Inver Stone, though, was a bit different. So much larger and smoother was it than an average manhood stone that it had become widely known not as a challenge through which a postpubescent boy might become a man but as a challenge through which a man might become a legend.

As for Cameron, he had the initial advantage of coming from legendary stock. His mother was a MacMillan, a clan renowned for such powerful ancestors as the great-uncle who was casting peat one day when his horse and cart became well and truly mired in the bog. "Hold on, horse," he said, "I'll gie ye a hand," whereupon he unhooked the hamestraps, freed the animal and with a mighty heave pulled the terrified horse onto higher ground. Then, going back to the cart and muttering under his breath, he carefully selected his footing and after a titanic struggle managed to place the wheels of the cart back on the track. Gasping for breath, he climbed back up, patted his



Jan Todd lifts the smaller of the two Dinnie Stones—a mere 340 pounds.

THE MAKING

tests of manhood. They rocked the Scots
with truly hefty attainments by TERRY TODD



Here with the Inver Stone, Bill Kazmaier moves past manhood into legend.

horse gently on the neck and said, "I dinna wonder ye couldna pull it oot, horse. It was a struggle even for me."

With that sort of forebear, Cameron could hardly help being successful in his attempt to raise the Inver Stone to his waist and thus become a part of the strength lore of Scotland, lore that enthralled strong men from around the world, stoking their imaginations with thoughts of kilts and competition. One of those strong men was me.

From the time I began training with weights I read everything I could about strength and the cultures in which it flourished, and in all my reading nothing seemed quite so wonderful as the tales of brawny Scots hauling huge stones from the heather, tossing long and heavy logs called cabers and in general sporting themselves in a manner appropriate to strength athletes. Gradually, as my own size and strength began to approximate my imagination, I also began more and more often to dream of going to Scotland, and by the time I weighed over 300 pounds and had won my first national championship in powerlifting, I felt I was ready.

By then I had been corresponding for several years with David Webster, a Scot whose knowledge of the strength sports of his country is unexcelled, and together we made plans for my first visit across the water. But then the marvelous line concerning the ease with which plans "gang aft agley" began to have real meaning in my life: I learned that the trip to Scotland would conflict with my defense of the national powerlifting championship. What to do? Finally, I decided to defend and forgo the trip to the Highlands.

Of the many decisions I have made in my life that seem in retrospect to have been wrong, none has bothered me quite as much as this apparently trivial one. By not going when I was in my Jean Brodie years, I lost, or so I reasoned in later years when I weighed far less, not the

continued

chance to see the boulders and logs of the Highlands, because anyone with Freddie Laker's business address and a little patience can see these things at no great expense, but the chance to engage them, to participate. It bothers me still.

Often I had spoken to my wife of my fascination with Scotland's stones of strength and of my regret at not having gone across to try them when the main chance came. She understood. We share an interest in strength, and, though I have long since retired as a competitor, Jan is still very active (SI, Nov. 14, 1977), holding three of the four heavyweight records for women in powerlifting (480 in the squat, 463 in the deadlift and 1,127 in the total).

One evening earlier this year we were looking through a new and much enlarged version of David Webster's *Scottish Highland Games* when we came to a section devoted to a pair of stones even more famous than the Inver Stone—the Dinnie Stones. Some of the information in the section was new even to me, and I was reading slowly, savoring each bit, when Jan spoke suddenly: "Listen to this. 'Maybe one day as athletic standards go higher still, we will have women attempting to lift the stones of strength!' How about that? Old Dave even used an exclamation point."

Until then, the thought that Jan, or any other woman, might someday attempt one or more of Scotland's famous stones had never intruded on my feelings—sorry-for-myself reveries, but the moment she read and I heard those words from Webster's book I think we both knew she was one day going to try.

As it turned out, that day wasn't long in coming, because shortly thereafter CBS bought the rights to telecast the most famous of all the Highland Games, those held in Braemar in late summer, and the network asked me to do the color commentary. At that point Jan began to train for the assault on the Dinnie Stones. For 100 years or so they had lain near the inn at Potarch beside the River Dee, only a few miles from Braemar.

Known throughout the world of strength, the Dinnie Stones were named for Donald Dinnie, a wonderful all-rounder of the last half of the 19th century who dominated the Highland Games as no one had ever done before or likely will again. So awesome was Dinnie, and so long-lived athletically, that he was the subject of many writers, even poets

He's springy, elastic and light when he's running.

Comes up to the mark in time and to spare.

His opponents can't bear him or match him in cunning.

They say we were best because Dinnie was there.

History has it that as a young man Dinnie came with his father to repair the arched stone bridge over the Dee at Potarch, and that during this project his father used the two boulders that would later bear the family name as anchors for a roped plank. As long as anyone even then could remember, they had been used as tethering stones for the horses of the patrons of the inn. Each of the stones has a solid shaft embedded deep inside, with an iron ring attached to the outside end, allowing for a decent, though uncomfort-

Jan Todd's lift of the Dinnie Stones and Bill Kazmaier's heave of the 56-pound weight were record breakers



PHOTOGRAPH BY TERENCE SPENCER



able, handgrip, and, unlike the Inver Stone, each is rough and irregularly shaped. Together the two weigh 788 pounds—448 the heavier and 340 the lighter—and, according to the stories connecting them to Donald Dinnie, he was the first person able to stand astride the two and lift them both from the ground at the same time. A larger and older workman on the bridge at Potarch supposedly lifted the larger of the stones, whereupon Donald is said to have responded by not only lifting the two together but also carrying and dragging them across the five-yard width of the bridge.

To hear some of the locals tell it now, though, especially if someone comes from far away to attempt the stones, Dinnie not only carried them across the bridge but also 1) carried them the length of the bridge; 2) carried them down one riverbank, through the river and up the other side; 3) threw them over the river; or 4) all of the above. In any case, the stones are well named, and through the years since Dinnie first lifted them, thousands of men have tried to duplicate his effort. Only a handful have succeeded, and more than a few have injured themselves because of the awkward and unbalanced nature of the lift.

Nevertheless, Jan laid into her training with a will. She continued her usual heavy lifting, and she began her special preparations for the stones by placing a barbell just above her knees and then lifting it with the muscles of her hips, thighs and back until she stood erect with the barbell resting across the front of her thighs. The first week she used 600 pounds in this exercise, called a partial deadlift, and as the weeks passed and her strength and grip increased, she lifted more and more until six weeks or so later she pulled 900 pounds.

At that point she added another lift to her routine, the Jefferson lift, which approximated as nearly as was possible in the gym the position required to lift the stones. This was done by placing the bar on boxes or on a rack so that it was 18 inches or so off the ground. She then straddled the bar, gripping it with one hand in front of her body and the other behind, and pulled it up by straightening her legs until they were locked.

Starting with 500 pounds, she kept adding weight until she was able to pull 805 pounds, almost 20 pounds more than the weight of the stones. Meanwhile, dur-

ing the buildup in the Jefferson lift, she also continued to push herself to the limit in the partial deadlift in an attempt to further strengthen the major muscles, tendons and ligaments she would use against the stones. Finally, about three weeks before we were to leave for Scotland, she made a partial deadlift in a training session at the Texas Athletic Club in Austin with what was to me the amazing weight of 1,100 pounds. She was ready.

Then, after several months of almost literally buckbreaking work, we received the disappointing news that CBS had decided against doing the Highland Games show. But by that time it didn't matter. We were going. We did, after all, have Mr. Laker's address.

We had been living and training all summer in Auburn, Ala., having moved down from Canada to help direct a project called the National Strength Research Center at Auburn University, and when we knew we would be going to Scotland on our own we asked a friend who was to be a colleague at the Center, Bill Kazmaier, to go along. Bill is a newcomer to the iron game, having trained seriously for only 2½ years, but what he lacks in experience he makes up for in raw natural talent. In the past 20 years I have known all of the top performers in the strength sports, and in terms of genetic gift he takes pride of place. At 6'2½" and 320 pounds he is perfectly, though massively, proportioned, rather like the fourth-century B.C. statue called the Farnese Hercules. By way of comparison with another big man, Kazmaier is 2½ inches shorter and approximately 40 pounds heavier than Lou Ferrigno, television's Incredible Hulk. Yet with all his phenomenal muscling Kaz is not a bodybuilder but a powerlifter, although Joe Weider, bodybuilding's Godfather, said after seeing Kaz that he could have a great future in the former field as well. Already he holds the world superheavyweight record of 617 pounds in the bench press, and most experts feel he will surpass the other three powerlifting records within the next year. So apparent is his talent that members of the U.S. Olympic Weight Lifting Committee have tried to shore up their sagging program by urging him to abandon powerlifting and concentrate on the overhead, Olympic lifts. He is, in short, a nonpareil.

We asked him to come with us because

we felt he would enjoy Scotland and the challenges there as much as the Scots would enjoy seeing him accept those challenges. Thus it was that we three—the self-styled Chub Club—found ourselves late last summer strolling through Gatwick airport, Kaz drawing unbelieving stares, Jan organizing our baggage for transport to a connecting train and I wondering if the wonderfully named "Chubb Alarm" would sound if I were to stick my hand and forearm through the hole in the glass through which I was receiving my meager handful of British currency in exchange for my non-Kazmaier-like U.S. dollars.

Onward then to Irvine, Scotland, to the home of our excited host, David Webster himself, who during our first evening took us around to the home of a whisky distributor who had heard of our planned assault on Scotland's hallowed stones. After the usual small talk we were ushered into another room for the presentation of gifts. Besides Jan, Kaz, Webster and me, our party now included Tony Fitton, another member of the Strength Research Center, who was home in Britain on holiday and tagging along. First our host gave a bottle of Scotch whisky each to Tony, Kaz and me. But no whisky for Jan. Next, he launched into an explanation of the many bloody uses to which the blunt little scabbard knife called a sgian dubh could be put—brisket splittings, kidney thrustings and the like—and then, as with the Scotch, gave a sgian dubh each to Fitton, Kazmaier and me, again excluding Jan. We soon left, realizing as we did so that perhaps everyone in Scotland wasn't as pleased about our primary business there as was Webster. Little did the whisky man know that he was boasting himself with his own petard, as we shall shortly see.

Next morning early we were away for Birmar, packed into the back of a rented, windowless van, sitting in some lawn chairs for which no sane underwriter would have predicted long life. One chair went just after lunch when Kaz dozed off and leaned back, but the others held, and well before the end of a dreary day we checked into our hotel and decided that although it was misting we should hurry to the inn at Potarch and turn Jan loose on the stones.

Delightfully enough, the photographer engaged by SI to cover our Highland do-

ings was Terence Spencer, who shared

continued

Even the most enlightened consumer can get eaten alive in the hi-fi jungle.



There are probably a few places where the phrase "caveat emptor"—let the buyer beware—is more applicable than in high fidelity.

The average consumer walks into a hi-fi store only to be confronted by a morass of receivers, turntables and tape decks, running the gamut from the unaffordable to the unpronounceable. And to make matters worse, the salesman seems to speak some bizarre dialect about megahertz and transient response.

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It has absolutely no audible distortion.

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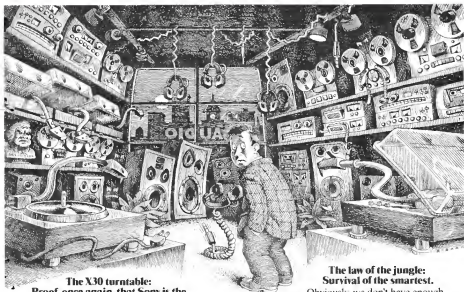
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The X30 direct-drive turntable. It even compensates for warped records.

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Like the way our new micro components use Sony developed "pulse power supplies" that reduce distortion almost to the point of being unmeasurable.

Or the way our new SSU-2070 speaker system guarantees you'll hear every part of the music with distortion reducing carbon fiber speaker cones. And a computer-designed speaker arrangement that makes sure you hear the music exactly as it was recorded.

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SONY AUDIO

We've never put our name on anything that wasn't the best.

with Jan the only minimally dubious distinction of inclusion in the *Guinness Book of World Records*, she, of course, for her lifting, be for having parachuted from a fighter plane falling into the Baltic in the closing days of World War II from a height of between 30 and 40 feet. As for Kazmaier, little Billy will have to wait until next year's edition is issued to see his bench record or records (and perhaps others) listed, because the only other achievement for which he could be included is among the ones Guinness has eliminated as being potentially dangerous. The thing the big guy did that God knows would have to be a world record was to eat, in California in 1978, in two hours, in front of several hundred people, on what other occasion than a Fourth of July celebration, 1,000 (count 'em, 1,000) live goldfish. "It was easy," Kaz recalls. "They gave 'em to us in paper cartons of 50 fish apiece and I just drained the water and knocked 'em back."

Let's just say it was an interesting group that unfolded from the van at the inn at Potarch and crowded around the stones under the lowering sky. The two brutal-looking rocks were chained together, and as I looked at them closely I began to fear, for the first time since Jan did 900 in the partial deadlift, that she might fail to lift them. They were much larger than photographs had made them seem, and I knew this would force Jan to take a wider stance than would provide ideal, or even reasonably good, leverage.

The innkeeper knew of the attempt, and soon we had the stones unchained and in place. Because of the cool, damp day, and because there was no other way to warm up for the two stones together, she first lifted the 340-pound stone twice with her right hand and twice with her left. Then her blood began to move and she stood astride the seemingly intractable 448-pounder and raised it twice each with her right and her left hand. But in order to straddle the huge stone she was forced, as I had feared, to take too wide a stance. All the men who have lifted both stones have been taller than Jan, who stands 5' 7" and weighs 195. In fact, the first man after Dinnie acknowledged to have raised the stones successfully was 6' 7", 273-pound David Prowse, who hosted them in 1963 and then went on to a career in television and films, including *A Clockwork Orange* and *Star Wars*, in which he had the role of Darth Vader.

But Jan hadn't trained all summer and

traveled overseas to back away from the two stones just because her leverage was less than that of Lord Vader, so we moved the boulders together until they touched each other and would, we hoped, lock as she raised them, rather than swing against her legs. Once they were together she moved quickly to them, swung her right leg over and grasped the iron rings as Kaz and I helped her adjust and tighten her wrist straps. And then she pulled, her face drawing downward as she leaned back to apply her leg and back strength against the stones. The small one did swing clear, but though she pulled for several seconds the big stone failed to move. As she released the iron rings and moved a few feet back, people crowded around, consoling her and offering advice, but she walked away and stood alone, trying to prepare her mind to overcome the obvious limitations of her body.

Again she stepped across the stones, positioned her feet, secured her grip and began to pull, moaning with the effort, and again the small stone swung free of the ground. But as before, the large stone stayed put. She came to me then, shaking her head. "They're so heavy. So heavy." We left the crowd and walked together, past the lovely pink-flecked field of Rose Bay Willow herbs that led down to the Dee, and stood awhile without talking, looking at the flowers and the Dee and the bridge across which Dinnie had carried the stones almost 100 years ago. "Perhaps you should give it up," I remember saying. "The lifting of them isn't worth a serious injury."

"Not yet," she said. "I want to try just once more."

As we walked back to the stones and the crowd, I said the usual words about bearing down and positioning her feet properly and leaning back so that the heavier stone, which was in front of her, would come up. But I had said those words before, and though I knew they were true, I had little confidence in them. Finally, for what I knew would be the last time, she stood again over the stones, placing her feet as well as she could, and we began to tighten her wrist straps. As we did so I leaned close against her and whispered, "Let's see you pull this one for the whiskey man."

I saw her face flash as she lowered her hips and began to pull, and I shouted along with everyone else as the smaller

stone came up quickly, much higher than before, and I shouted again as she leaned back and at long last the larger stone swung clear. It came off the ground neither very far nor for very long, but by God it came, and although Jan was disappointed at not standing erect with the stones, she was assured over several pints of bitter inside the inn that as the years passed, the height she had lifted the stones would no doubt enjoy the increase usual in such matters.

The following morning Jan was lame but happy as we piled into the van to pay a visit to the Inver Stone on the way to the Braemar Games. Her work was done, but Kaz was feeling his porridge and wanted to try the smooth, round boulder that had resisted the efforts of so many men. As Dave had said it would be, the stone was resting in deep grass under a tree across from the inn, and as I rolled it around it was easy to see why many strong men had failed not only to hoist it to their waists but also to lift it even an inch from the ground. It was like the King Kong of bowling balls, but for what I thought might really be the life of me, I couldn't help but try it.

One of the miracles of modern technology is the marvelous restorative effect a camera has on aging, debilitated muscles. How else is it to be explained that when Terence Spencer, our low-level parachutist, focused his expensive machine on me, the Inver Stone wound up at the required waist height? But just as I was catching my breath to do a little crowing, I heard Kaz ask Dave if anyone had ever lifted the stone to arms' length overhead.

"Are ye daft, man?" Webster replied with a shocked look. "Ye'll ha trouble enough matching your auld bearded friend there." Then, turning to me, "Todd is a Scottish name, is it not?"

Whereupon Kaz started growling and rolling the stone around like a bear with a pumpkin. Finally he found a grasp that suited him, and in one sweeping motion he pulled the boulder not just to his waist but to his chest. Then he carefully moved his hands under the stone and, wonder of wonders, pressed it easily overhead, prompting Dave to remark, "Och, but I've seen it all now. Yesterday the Dinnie Stones conquered by a woman, and now the Inver Stone handled as if it were a wee pebble!"

A few dozen photographs later we were on our way to Braemar to don our

continued

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kilts and participate as best we could in the games. Once there, we Americans were not prepared for the pomp and majesty of the affair, or for the beauty of the valley setting, the formal Highland dress and the skirling bagpipes, but we were pleased to see the center of the arena devoted to the hammer throw, the caber toss, the stone put and the many other events in which we and the other "heavies" would take part.

As the day progressed and as we compared in a few of the activities, we began to sense a lack of excitement about the games, and when I asked Dave he confirmed my suspicions that the murder of Lord Mountbatten, which had caused the Queen to forgo one of the few Braemar gatherings missed by the royal family in this century, had also taken a bit of life out of the games.

After a minute of silence to remember Mountbatten, the final heavy event of the day began—the 56-pound-weight throw for height, in which the object is to throw a solid iron weight with a ring in the han-

dle over a crossbar placed on a set of pole-vault standards, using only one hand. Until that afternoon Kazmaier had never even seen a 56-pound weight, much less tried to throw one, but what he was nonetheless able to do brought the crowd of 20,000 to its feet and lifted the spirit of the entire games.

The bar was set at 11 feet as we began to throw, and from the very beginning it was apparent that Kaz had found his event. Most of the other men would gauge their power and apply only enough to clear the bar, but on his first throw Kaz cleared it by at least four feet. The crowd roared, and the rest of us heavies simply looked at each other and shook our heads. And it continued. The bar was raised six inches at a time and some of the men began to miss, but at every height Kaz' throw surged far over the bar.

Finally, the three other remaining competitors and I missed at between 13' 6" and 14' and Kaz was told that the Braemar record stood at 15' 1". So the bar was raised to 15' 2", and again he

sailed it over, high and easily, at which point several retired heavies who were judging the event walked over and announced that the world record was 16' 1". "Will the wee laddie have a try at 16' 2"?" one asked me with a wink, then signaled for the bar to be raised without waiting for my answer.

On Bill's first try the weight hit the bar on the way up, but on the second the huge, explosive athlete hefted the weight, swung it back between his legs once, twice, then erupted and sent it at least two feet over the standard, beating the best of many good men, including such U.S. stalwarts as Brian Oldfield.

As the crowd thronged around the quiet, easy-natured giant, talking to him, touching him and asking for his autograph, I thought to myself that if a man isn't still in shape to lift the Winnie Stones himself, or press the Inver Stone, or throw the 56-pound weight a record height, the next-best thing is to have a wife and big pal who can. It's not the best of all possible worlds, but it will do. **END**



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THE BRUTAL TRIP DOWN

Joe Gilliam seemed to have it all, but then came the bouts with drugs and a 'murderous attack' in an alleyway

by ROBERT H. BOYLE



In a curious way, it was like old times for Ray Mansfield, the retired Pittsburgh Steeler center, and Joe Gilliam, the former Steeler quarterback, who has had more than his share of troubles in recent years. Mansfield was one of perhaps 750 people who peered through the dim lighting at Homewood Field, the Johns Hopkins stadium in Baltimore, to watch the Baltimore Eagles play the Pittsburgh Wolf Pak for the championship of the semi-pro Atlantic Football Conference on Oct. 13. Mansfield, who used to snap the ball back to Joe, is now the commissioner of the AFC. Gilliam did not come into the game until the second half, but when he did he threw two touchdown passes to lead the Eagles to a 20-9 win. "Brilliant, just brilliant," said Mansfield.

His performance was just that, but Gilliam (pronounced gill-em) was fortunate that he was able to play, much less star in the game. Last Aug. 20 at 5:15 p.m., Officer Joseph Goldberg of the Baltimore police found Gilliam staggering from an alley in the 1500 block of Kensett Street in the heart of the ghetto. Gilliam had been badly beaten on the head with two-by-fours and lead pipes. Initial reports had it that he had been shot; indeed, one

television network interrupted its regular prime-time programming to flash a report that Gilliam had been shot twice in the head. According to witnesses, four men had first smashed the windows of the 1977 Buick Gilliam had parked near a liquor store. Then, when Gilliam came out of the store, they attacked him.

Two days passed before Gilliam regained consciousness in the University of Maryland hospital, and another two days passed before he was able to recognize his father. Despite the deep wounds in his head, no bone had been shattered, and after two weeks Gilliam, down 16 pounds from his normal 180, was able to leave the hospital. The season should have ended for him then, but he insisted on starting for the Eagles on Sept. 15 against the Connecticut Sea Raiders. Still weak, he underthrew his receivers and was intercepted six times before being relieved in the first half. He later came down with stomach trouble and a cold, and he did not practice for the championship until a week before the game.

While Gilliam lay in the hospital, rumors abounded. The principal one was that he was dealing in drugs at the time of the attack. This rumor was fueled by the

fact that when the police picked up one of the alleged assailants (Timothy Matthews, 19), he was carrying heroin and marijuana. "All we know is that Gilliam is the victim of a murderous attack," a police spokesman said.

Gilliam says, "I was robbed. I was coming back home when I stopped to buy some liquor. I had a lot of money in my pocket. I wasn't thinking about anybody doing nothing to me, but they did. I came out of the store, and all my windows were knocked out. The last thing I remember was that I had gone to the trunk to get a swish broom and was sweeping the glass off the seat. When I woke up in the hospital I remembered I had some money, and I asked my mom to check my pants. It was gone. They crept up on me real good. It happens to people all the time."

For Joe Gilliam, the beating—or "accident," as he calls it—is the latest in a series of incidents that have plagued him since he was charged three years ago with possession of marijuana and possession of heroin. "Yes, I pleaded guilty to possession of marijuana and possession of heroin," he says, "and I did time on both of them. Because of my reputation, even the things that aren't my fault give me the

Four men smashed the window of Gilliam's car in Baltimore. Then they beat the ex-Pittsburgh quarterback so badly that he was unconscious for two days.



air of irresponsibility. It's tough. It gets to me. But I created the situation, and so I've got to live with it."

Gilliam doesn't come from a ghetto background. Now 28, he is the second of three children born to Ruth and Joseph W. Gilliam Sr. His uncle Frank, a star end at Iowa in the 1950s, is assistant director of player personnel for the Minnesota Vikings. His father, a former quarterback at West Virginia State, is the defensive coach at Tennessee State; he has sent such players as Too Tall Jones and Claude Humphrey to the NFL. As a youngster, Gilliam was more interested in baseball, basketball, gymnastics and swimming than football, but, as he says, "I knew the Tennessee State offense from the ninth grade."

A star quarterback and safety in high school, Gilliam became the regular quarterback at Tennessee State in his junior year. Although he led the team to a 21-1 record and completed 392 of 783 passes for 5,839 yards and 65 touchdowns, he was not picked until the 11th round of the 1972 NFL draft—by the Steelers, who already had two young quarterbacks, Terry Hanratty and Terry Bradshaw.

Gilliam played in only seven games his

first two years with Pittsburgh. His big break came during the NFL player strike in 1974. At a meeting with Steeler teammates, Gilliam told them he could not afford to miss camp. They accepted his decision, and he reported to the club's training base at Latrobe, Pa. Bradshaw reported a week later, and Hanratty stayed out until the strike was over. Gilliam started and won all six exhibition games, completing 74 of 124 passes for 1,175 yards and 11 touchdowns.

He was that great rarity—the black quarterback for a contending team. (That year the Steelers went on to win their first Super Bowl.) Gilliam's teammates more than accepted him. "He loves to throw the ball," said Bradshaw at the time. "The guy is doing a great job. This year the hardest thing was to swallow my pride and realize that the team could get along without me."

"Joe's a driven kid," said Steeler Vice-President Art Rooney Jr. "I don't know if it's because he's black or because he's supercompetitive." Steeler fans were wild about Gilliam, too, because he had opened up the Pittsburgh attack. However, Gilliam says that he sent his wife Beverly, whom he had married after his sopho-

more year in college, home to Nashville with their daughter after they received threatening phone calls and letters and paint was splattered on his car.

In the regular season Gilliam led the Steelers to four wins and a tie in their first six games, but after a bad performance in the sixth game, a 20-16 win over Cleveland, Coach Chuck Noll replaced him with Bradshaw. Gilliam was to stay on the bench for the next year and a half. "Coach Noll called me into his office and told me it was time for a change," Gilliam says. "He's the coach, he calls the shots. Since I've left Pittsburgh, I've gained even more respect for Coach Noll. I appreciate the fact that he stood by me in exhibition games and the games I played in the regular season. There was a lot of heat from the press. I really thought they belittled my efforts."

Once he was benched, Gilliam became involved with drugs. "I kind of withdrew," he says. "I guess it was my way of not facing and dealing with the fact that I wasn't playing for the Steelers. And there were other problems in my life, not just those related to football. It was my way of hiding from what was really happening and not facing up to things."

continued



Joe's passes led Baltimore to a semi-pro title

He says that he cannot understand why he wanted to hide. "I don't know, 'cause I'm no shrink. At times I think about it. I think if there's any part of feeling good about myself during the year and a half that I wasn't active, it was that it really didn't break my spirit. I damaged myself. I did things to hurt myself. But I didn't let anybody crush my desire to play. I felt I wasn't going to play. I didn't think I would, but I still wanted to, and I still do."

Gilliam started with marijuana, then went on to heroin. He experimented with cocaine and uppers and downers, but he avoided LSD. "I was afraid of LSD," he says. "I should have been afraid of them all." He took drugs every day. "I didn't do it when I went to play ball. I did it after practice. The stuff was very easy to get." He became addicted to heroin. "After you've done it a while, it's not even about getting high anymore, it's to keep from feeling bad. I realized that when I realized, damn, I got to have it, Jesus Christ! This happened the first time I didn't have any, about eight or nine months after I

started. I told a guy I was sick, and he said, 'You got to have it, man. You've been doing this for a good little while, haven't you?' I said, 'Yeah.' He said, 'You don't have any?' I said, 'No.'"

Gilliam had no difficulty getting all the heroin he needed. David Vincent of Nashville has served as Gilliam's lawyer, and he says, "The trouble with Joe is that he's been a star all his life. People defer to him, and he can't handle that. He's a tall, very handsome fellow who walks with grace. He's very attractive to women, not just sexually, and attractive to men, and they tend to let him do things he shouldn't. He needs someone to tell him what to do and insist that he live up to his responsibilities."

Noll says he had no idea Gilliam was on drugs. So does Mean Joe Greene. "When I heard about it later, it was a shock," says Greene. "It wouldn't have been a shock if I had heard he was on marijuana. But the extent of it... that came as a shock."

In June of 1976 the Steelers released Gilliam. "He was unreliable," Noll says. "He was of no use to the team. We couldn't depend on him, and there was nothing else to do with a player like that other than to let him go."

Looking back on his last days with the Steelers, Gilliam says, "I had begun to develop inconsistencies. My overall attitude and actions, everything. Not showing up for practice. Being late. Just a goof. I figured they'd cut me. At the time I cared, but I didn't care. It was kind of a paradox. I did care, but I didn't care. I guess I really did in my gut, but I didn't. I guess, for show or whatever." Undoubtedly his dependence on drugs influenced his attitude. "It certainly didn't help me to think any clearer," he says.

The New Orleans Saints claimed Gilliam for \$100 in June of 1976. Before Gilliam joined the Saints, Nashville police stopped his car, searched it and charged him with possession of marijuana and carrying a weapon—a pistol. Gilliam says he carried the pistol to protect himself against robbery, and that the marijuana consisted of two joints in the ashtray.

Gilliam's attorney appealed the charge on the grounds that no proper hearing had been held. Then Gilliam reported to the Saints' camp in Vero Beach, Fla., and he soon made headlines again by disappearing from camp for 2½ days. Gilliam did not explain his disappearance at the time, but he says now that he fled

when three strangers—white men—approached him at camp and said, "Get out of here. You don't belong. You're not wanted. And if you don't, we're going to do something to you." Gilliam took off for Miami and then called the Saints' coach, Hank Stram. He returned to camp and never saw the three strangers again, but was soon dropped by the Saints.

Gilliam says he had "cleaned up" on drugs before reporting to the Saints, but after his release he went back on them. "I guess it could have been a lot of things," he says. "For me to pinpoint the reason, I guess there really isn't just one reason. I guess the bottom line was my inability to deal with my feelings."

In December of 1976, Nashville police arrested Gilliam in a motel and charged him with possession of heroin for resale. Gilliam vigorously denies that he ever sold any drugs—the resale part of the charge was dropped—and although he readily admits he was hooked on heroin when arrested, he says, "The fact of the matter is, I didn't have any heroin on me at the time. I was with some guys who did, but the one who went to jail later was me."

The heroin charge threw Gilliam into despair. "Things were so bleak," he says. "I didn't understand why it had happened to me like that." But before Gilliam was to come to trial on the heroin charge and the previous marijuana charge, lawyer Vincent recommended that he kick the habit by enrolling at Rubicon, a drug rehabilitation clinic in Richmond, Va. Gilliam spent six months at Rubicon. To show his determination to follow the program, Gilliam says, he spent the first few nights sleeping on the ground in a blanket near the front door.

In May of 1977 Gilliam left Rubicon, enrolled in a drug rehabilitation program in Nashville and accepted an offer to rejoin the Saints. "The encouraging thing now is that Joe openly admits his problem," said Stram at the time. "Maybe he will not be able to accept the challenge that lies ahead. Time will tell. The only thing we are doing is providing him with the opportunity. The kid needs help. If he loses the opportunity to play, a human life may be destroyed."

Although the record indicates otherwise, Gilliam says that he has never used drugs since leaving Rubicon. He admits he has been tempted "many times." What stopped him? "An ability to deal with myself. I don't feel bad about me. I like

continued



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How to write clearly

By Edward T. Thompson

Editor-in-Chief, Reader's Digest



International Paper asked Edward T. Thompson to share some of what he has learned in nineteen years with *Reader's Digest*, a magazine famous for making complicated subjects understandable to millions of readers.

If you are afraid to write, don't be.

If you think you've got to string together big fancy words and high-flying phrases, forget it.

To write well, unless you aspire to be a professional poet or novelist, you only need to get your ideas across simply and clearly.

It's not easy. But it is easier than you might imagine.

There are only three basic requirements:

First, you must want to write clearly. And I believe you really do, if you've stayed this far with me.

Second, you must be willing to work hard. Thinking means work—and that's what it takes to do anything well.

Third, you must know and follow some basic guidelines.

If, while you're writing for clarity, some lovely, dramatic or inspired phrases or sentences come to you, fine. Put them in.

But then with cold, objective eyes and mind ask yourself: "Do they detract from clarity?" If they do, grit your teeth and cut the frills.

Follow some basic guidelines

I can't give you a complete list of

"dos and don'ts" for every writing problem you'll ever face.

But I can give you some fundamental guidelines that cover the most common problems.

1. Outline what you want to say.

I know that sounds grade-schoolish. But you can't write clearly until, before you start, you know where you will stop.

Ironically, that's even a problem in writing an outline (i.e., knowing the ending before you begin).

So try this method:

- On 3"x5" cards, write—one point to a card—all the points you need to make.
- Divide the cards into piles—one pile for each group of points closely related to each other. (If you were describing an automobile, you'd put all the points about mileage in one pile, all the points about safety in another, and so on.)
- Arrange your piles of points in a sequence. Which are most important and should be given first or saved for last? Which must you present before others in order to make the others understandable?
- Now, within each pile, do the same thing—arrange the points in logical, understandable order.

There you have your outline, needing only an introduction and conclusion.

This is a practical way to outline. It's also flexible. You can add, delete or change the location of points easily.

2. Start where your readers are.

How much do they know about the subject? Don't write to a level higher than your readers' knowledge of it.

CAUTION: Forget that old—and wrong—advice about writing to a 12-year-old mentality. That's insulting. But do

remember that your prime purpose is to explain something, not prove that you're smarter than your readers.

3. Avoid jargon.

Don't use words, expressions, phrases known only to people with specific knowledge or interests.

Example: A scientist, using scientific jargon, wrote, "The biota exhibited a one hundred percent mortality response." He could have written: "All the fish died."

4. Use familiar combinations of words.

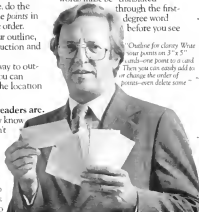
A speech writer for President Franklin D. Roosevelt wrote, "We are endeavoring to construct a more inclusive society." E.D.R. changed it to, "We're going to make a country in which no one is left out."

CAUTION: By familiar combinations of words, I do *not* mean incorrect grammar. That can be unclear. Example: John's father says he can't go out Friday. (Who can't go out? John or his father?)

5. Use "first-degree" words.

These words immediately bring an image to your mind. Other words must be "translated"

through the first-degree word before you see



"Outline for clarity: Write your points on 3"x5" cards—one point to a card. Then you can easily add to or change the order of points—even delete some."



"Get your teeth and cut the fluff. That's one of the suggestions I offer here to help you write clearly. They cover the most common problems. And they're all easy to follow."

the image. Those are second/third-degree words.

First-degree words	Second/third-degree words
face	visage
stay	abide
book	volume
	publication

First-degree words are usually the most precise words, too.

6. Stick to the point.

Your outline—which was more work in the beginning—now saves you work. Because now you can ask about any sentence you write: "Does it relate to a point in the outline? If it doesn't, should I add it to the outline? If not, I'm getting off the track." Then, full steam ahead—on the main line.

7. Be as brief as possible.

Whatever you write, shortening—condensing—almost always makes it tighter, straighter, easier to read and understand.

Condensing, as *Reader's Digest* does it, is in large part artistry. But it involves techniques that anyone can learn and use.

• Present your points in logical ABC order: Here again, your outline should save you work because, if you did it right, your points already stand in logical ABC order—A makes B understandable, B makes C understandable and so on. To write in a straight line is to say something clearly in the fewest possible words.

• Don't waste words telling people what they already know: Notice how we edited this: "Have you ever

wondered how banks rate you as a credit risk? You know, of course, that it's some combination of facts about your income, your job, and so on. But actually, many banks have a scoring system...."

• Cut out excess evidence and unnecessary anecdotes: Usually, one fact or example (at most, two) will support a point. More just belabor it. And while writing about some-



Writing clearly means avoiding jargon. Why didn't he just say "All the fish died?"

thing may remind you of a good story, ask yourself: "Does it really help to tell the story, or does it slow me down?"

(Many people think *Reader's Digest* articles are filled with anecdotes. Actually, we use them sparingly and usually for one of two reasons: either the subject is so dry it needs some "humanity" to give it life; or the subject is so hard to grasp, it needs anecdotes to help readers understand. If the subject is both lively and easy to grasp, we move right along.)

• Look for the most common word wasters: windy phrases.

Windy phrases	Cut to
at the present time	now
in the event of	if
in the majority of instances	usually

• Look for passive verbs you can make active: Invariably, this produces a shorter sentence. "The cherry tree was chopped down by George Washington." (Passive verb and nine words.) "George Washington chopped down the cherry tree." (Active verb and seven words.)

• Look for positive/negative sections from which you can cut the negative: See how we did it here: "The answer does not rest with carelessness or incompetence. It lies largely in having enough people to do the job."

• Finally, to write more clearly by saying it in fewer words: when you've finished, stop.

Edmond T. Thompson

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me. I don't care who likes me or who doesn't. I do. I think I'm all right. I'm an honest guy. I'm fair with people. I treat people nice, whether they treat me nice or not."

The Saints cut Gilliam just before the opening of the 1977 season. "He was throwing the ball well, and he hadn't lost anything," says Sram. "But he had a problem he just couldn't overcome." Then, in December, Gilliam again found himself in trouble in Nashville: he was suspected of having robbed a man of \$44. The suspicion proved baseless—"fictitious," Gilliam says—and the grand jury refused to indict him. But in the course of the investigation, the police found a small amount of marijuana in his room. A check at the rehabilitation program revealed that Gilliam had not been there in eight weeks and that he had not been giving the required urine samples at Meharry Medical College. No one had reported these violations to the DA. Taken to court in May of 1978, Gilliam pleaded guilty to the 1976 marijuana and weapon charges. Judge John Draper gave him 45 days in the workhouse, suspending the sentence on condition that Gilliam enroll in a drug program, keep a job and submit to urine tests once a week.

In the summer of 1978 Gilliam was offered a job in Springdale, Pa. by the North American Fencing Corporation, whose owner, Bob Baker, also owned the Pittsburgh Wolf Pak, a new semi-pro club in the Atlantic Football Conference. The Nashville court let Gilliam go to Springdale. Gilliam said he found fence work fascinating, but his real job was to play quarterback for Baker's team. He led the Wolf Pak to a 5-1 record, but then left after a dispute with the coaching staff. "It was about calling the plays," Gilliam says. "We'd enjoyed immense success, and all of a sudden they wanted some input in the offense. I said, 'Hey, you're not happy? I'm not doing a good job calling the plays?' But the bottom line was that they said they knew more about football, and I should have no objection."

Back home in Nashville, Gilliam ran afoul of the law last fall when it was charged that he had violated his probation by not regularly reporting to the drug clinic. The program was supposed to maintain a 24-hour observation on patients. Twice, though, Gilliam simply grabbed his bugs and ran. Drug officials said they couldn't catch him. He was too

fast for them. In October, Judge Draper sentenced him to 45 days in the workhouse. In jail Gilliam did janitorial work, he served 34 days and was released early for good behavior. Shortly after Christmas, Gilliam was accused of robbing a waiter boy at Tennessee State of \$20. "Fictitious," says Gilliam of this charge, which was dropped. In February he pleaded guilty to the old heroin charge, and Judge Draper gave him four months in the workhouse. He again worked as a janitor and got out after 2½ months, with time off for good behavior.

Through everything, Gilliam has worked on perfecting his quarterbacking skills. "I dance the shuffle like Ah does," he says. "A quarterback has to be on his toes and ready to move. When I was a kid my feet were big, and I wasn't as quick as I am now, and I made up for it with quickness of hand. Right now I feel I'm bigger, I'm faster, I'm a better quarterback than when I played in the National Football League."

Gilliam got a chance to demonstrate this last July when he agreed to play for the Baltimore Eagles. Actually, the working arrangements were similar to those he had had with the Pittsburgh Wolf Pak. The Eagles are owned by C. J. Sears, the owner of the Royal Oil Corporation, the biggest distributor of oil in Baltimore, and Gilliam was—and is—paid to work for the oil company rather than to play football. Tall, handsome and mustachioed, with the air of a benevolent Rhett Butler, Sears likes the Eagles to go first class. He is not afraid to spend money—a crew videotapes every game the Eagles play—and he obviously relished having Gilliam at quarterback this season. Sears would like to have Gilliam learn the oil business. It strikes Sears as ironic that Gilliam and the Eagles held all practices and regular home games on a field at Cardinal Gibbons High School, the site of St. Mary's Industrial School, where Babe Ruth spent his boyhood.

Gilliam led the team to its first five wins, pursuing so spectacularly that Ted Marchibreda, the coach of the Colts, showed up to watch him in practice. But then, on Aug. 10, Gilliam left Baltimore suddenly and went to Birmingham to discuss an offer from Harry Lander, owner and coach of the Birmingham Vulcans of the semi-pro American Football Association. He came back apologetically four days later. "I was supposed to get a lot of money," Gilliam says. "I hadn't talked to

the press in over a year, and as soon as I got off the plane, the first place we went was a TV station. Oh, I was so mad. It was publicity for Lander to make a few extra bucks for his game. I didn't even give him a chance to make the offer. I just didn't appreciate being used like that." Dan Buncuri, who works for Sears at Royal Oil and serves as the offensive coordinator for the Eagles, says, "Joe asked me about his going down to Birmingham to check the offer. I told him to go ahead, that he'd be a fool not to investigate. He didn't ask Jim Sears because he was afraid to. When Joe arrived, Lander pulled a press conference, and his attendance went from 2,000 to 8,000. Joe was used, and I understand why."

Returning to Baltimore, Gilliam held a rare press conference in which he called his decision to investigate the Birmingham offer "one of my many dumb moves." Asked about a comment by Lander, who had said that Gilliam had told him a friend had given him some drugs in Birmingham, Gilliam answered, "I'm not making any comment on what Mr. Lander said."

Gilliam made a triumphant return to the Eagles lineup as he passed for 300 yards and four touchdowns in a 41-32 win over the Birmingham Triple City Jets. A week later, only hours after his wife filed for divorce in Nashville, he was brutally beaten in the ghetto.

Today Gilliam has no doubt that he could start for a number of NFL teams. "I'm bigger, faster and stronger," he says. "My opportunities in life are very good. Very good. But in football, I don't know. I don't own a team, I don't coach a team. Because of the exposure I've had—the media has been so negative—it's kind of hard to keep an optimistic attitude, but I do want to play football. I want to play in the NFL. Because I know I can play, maybe I'll get a shot."

As Gilliam and his joyous teammates made their way to the dressing room after the championship win over the Wolf Pak, Ray Mansfield was asked if he would take Joe if he coached or owned an NFL team. Mansfield paused. "That's a tough question," he said. "I love Joe. Joe and I had great rapport on the Steelers, even after he was benched. He's got the talent, but then he's had his personal problems. I hope they're over, but he's got to go clean for a year before I'd take him. Joe's got to show responsibility more than anything else."

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Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine - 100's: 11 mg "tar,"
0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

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Beneath the towering spire of Wait Chapel at Wake Forest University there is a bulletin board notice that reads: SUNDAY 11 A.M. SERMON, PRAY TO WIN, TAKE YOUR LOSSES. At Wake, as it is called on its Winston-Salem campus, taking losses is sort of a tradition. "For years we've been the Skylab of college football," says one alumnus.

Last season Wake won one game and lost 10. That was nothing unusual. The year before, the Deacons were also 1-10. Wake's 263-394-31 record is second only to Kansas State's as the worst of any "big-time" school. Things got so bad in the '60s and '70s that students, administrators and alumni took to poking fun at Wake's football fiascos. They popularized the bumper sticker WAKE UP. After a particularly galling loss sealed yet another 1-10 season in 1974, one fan stopped his car by a road sign on Interstate 40 outside the campus and whipped out a paintbrush. When he pulled away, the sign read: I-40, WAKE FOREST 0. Even Chuck Mills, the Wake head coach in 1973-77, joined in the fun. Once he introduced a new "throw and go" offense. Two seasons—and 19 losses—later he told the press, "It's still throw and go; people come to see us play, throw up and go home." Upon being fired Mills said, "Changing coaches around here is a diversion, not an answer."

But that was yesteryear. Going into last Saturday's game against No. 13-ranked Auburn, the Deacons had won six of seven games. They had knocked off three teams—Georgia, North Carolina and Maryland—that at one time or another this season had been among the nation's Top 20. Most astonishingly, Wake had materialized in the Top 20 itself, at No. 18, the Deacons' first national ranking since 1944.

How did it all happen? Well, Quarterback Jay Venuto says it's "character." Safety Mark Lancaster thinks it's because "we believe." No doubt opponents say they're doing it with rabbits' feet. Wake beat tiny Appalachian 30-23 thanks in large part to recovering a fumble with a minute and a half to play. The next week, at Georgia, a Bulldog last-second field-



Underdogs as usual, Wake beat Auburn 42-38 on the rushing of McDougald (40) and Venuto's arm.

'Never, never, never, never, never, never give up'

That was John Mackovic's message when he took over at hapless Wake Forest, which, after a string of miraculous victories, is sneaking up on the ACC title

goal attempt fell short of the crossbar by a foot. Wake won 22-21. The week after that, East Carolina missed a field goal on its last play. Result: Wake 23-20. In a 19-14 victory over Virginia Tech, Wake intercepted a pass to squash a fourth-quarter drive that seemed likely to produce a go-ahead score. Then, at North Carolina, Wake stole the ball on a kickoff return, this time with 47 seconds to play, to clinch a 24-19 victory. By Wake standards, its 25-17 win over Maryland was a rout. "It's amazing," says Athletic Director Dr. Gene Hooks. "Every week I keep waiting for the bubble to burst."

But last Saturday, under a bright blue Carolina sky and before an overflow home crowd of 34,000 at Groves Stadium, Wake's bubble didn't burst; it rose to unheard-of heights. In the first half the Deacons lost four fumbles and had a pass intercepted as Auburn surged to a 38-20 lead. Early in the second half Auburn had a chance to pull away. The Tigers took the kickoff and drove to midfield. Quarterback Charlie Trotman dropped back and lofted a pass to Rusey Byrd at the Wake 10-yard line. Byrd had two steps on Wake's Derek Crocker, but the pass sailed through his hands. Fol-

lowed

lowing a Tiger punt, Wake marched 73 yards in nine plays for a touchdown. The big gunner was a 31-yard pass from Venuto to Wayne Baumgardner. Venuto then hit Baumgardner for a two-point conversion to cut Auburn's lead to 38-28. Auburn drove back to the Wake 36, but a 53-yard field-goal attempt was wide to the right. Venuto answered by guiding the Deacons on a 10-play scoring drive. James McDougald diving in from the one for the touchdown. Auburn 38-35.

With just 4:38 gone in the fourth quarter, Wake scored again to take a 42-38 lead. Venuto completing four passes for 57 yards and McDougald sweeping the right side for his fourth TD of the day to cap a 12-play 77-yard drive. But Auburn wasn't finished. The Tigers advanced from their own 20 to the Deacons' three, mainly on the running of James Brooks, who gained 117 yards for the day. But with third and goal from the three, Trotman flubbed a hand-off and the ball popped on top of a pile of linemen, where Deacon Linchbacker Carlos Bradley grabbed it. Wake could not get a first down and had to punt with 2:17 left. Auburn took over at the 50. Trotman kept for a gain of five yards, then threw an incompletion. On third down the Tiger quarterback let loose a long pass, but just as Flanker Byron Franklin glided under it at the Wake two, Lurry Ingram leapt in front of him and intercepted the ball and Wake ran out the clock.

Earlier, in the second quarter, Franklin had turned Ingram around on a pattern and hauled in a 33-yard scoring pass. "Awhile after the play, Coach [John] Mackovic came up to me and said I could do one of two things," Ingram said later. "I could fold and put my head between my legs, or I could go back out and play ball. I went out. I thought if anything comes my way, it's mine."

Mackovic, 35, is the cockeyed optimist responsible for Wake's about-face. In 1964 he quarterbacked the Deacon team that featured Running Back Brian Piccolo, an experience, he says, that helps him understand the problems of developing a winning team at Wake Forest. It is a picturesque and well-thought-of Baptist school but one with a small enrollment (3,143), high academic standards and, to put it mildly, no winning tradition. Two years ago Mackovic was the offensive coordinator at Purdue, where Head Coach Jim Young had him design the attack and call the plays. Last year

he applied for the job at Wake because it presented "an opportunity rather than a challenge." He wanted to be a head coach and the Wake job was open. Mackovic believes strongly in the power of positive thinking. On a bookshelf in his office are *Success Through a Positive Mental Attitude*, *Think and Grow Rich*, *Psychocybernetics*, *The Magic of Thinking Big*, *See You At The Top* ("by Zig Ziglar, a great one," Mackovic says) and just about every other self-help book published in the last decade. He studies *The Memory Book* by Harry Lorayne and Jerry Lucas and has taken three-day seminars in motivation and time management. He enjoys reading Edgar Cayce, the late seer who predicted, among other things, the rise of Atlantis. Cayce might have been wrong now and then, but he was always enthusiastic. So is Mackovic. He remembers the first words he said to his 1978 Wake team. "It was an eight-word speech: 'Never, never, never, never, never, never give up.'"

After the 1978 team had finished its 11-10 season, Mackovic entered the locker room with a solemn face. Some players figured it was harangue time. Instead, Mackovic said, "I'm proud of you. You played the last game as hard as the first." To people who knew Mackovic it came as no surprise to see at the close of the season a headline in the *Raleigh News and Observer* that said: **MACKOVIC SEES SILVER LINING.**

"I believe in miracles," he said a day before the Auburn game. "For example, my daughter Aimee has a congenital heart defect. She had open-heart surgery at the Mayo Clinic when she was 15 months old. Now she's four years old. For her the miracle isn't that one day she will wake up and be well but that someday some doctor is going to develop a surgery that's going to make her well."

The miracle of Wake football actually began in the middle of last season on a day when the Deacons were crushed 39-0 by Maryland. So impressed with the strength and conditioning of the Maryland players was Mackovic that he asked Terp Coach Jerry Claiborne how he did it. Weight training, said Claiborne. The next day Mackovic instituted a mandatory year-round weight-training program for the Deacons. Last year, he says, maybe two of his players could press their weight 15 times. Now 75% of them can. By this fall, Offensive Guard Syd Kit-

son, a 232-pounder in 1978, weighed 252 and was twice as strong. Bill Ard, the other guard, added 30 pounds, up to 262. "We don't get pushed around anymore," says Mackovic.

The program also helped McDougald. Wake's alltime leading rusher (3,381 yards), and Nose Guard James Parker, a quick tackler who is the emotional heart of Wake's defense. After the win over Georgia, Parker stumbled off the field and fell to the ground. His teammates thought he was injured. But Parker was just being Parker. He cried, then laughed, and before getting up grabbed a handful of turf and stuffed it in his sock to take back home.

But if weight training helped McDougald, Ard, Kison and Parker, it resurrected Jay Venuto. Concentrating on strengthening his legs, the junior quarterback lost 20 pounds and his become quicker and more elusive. Last year he was a redshirt who had yet to take a varsity snap. During spring practice this year, Offensive Coordinator Mike Working called him into his office. He showed Venuto statistics of the three most recent scrimmages.

"Who do you think ought to be our No. 1 quarterback?" Working asked.

"I think I should."

"So do we," said Working. "From now on you line up at No. 1."

Right now Venuto is the nation's 13th-ranked passer and fifth in completions with 153 (out of 270 attempts) for the season. On Saturday alone, by completing 23 passes for 358 yards against Auburn, he broke four Wake passing records, two of them—season yardage (2,000) and attempts (270)—held by Norm Sneed since 1960. "I can't really justify what's happened to me," Venuto says. "I dreamed about it. I had a bit of it in high school. It seems like everything's happening so fast. I haven't had a chance to pinch myself and say, hey, wake up."

"His greatest asset is awareness," Mackovic says. "Once he knew where everybody on the field would be, his confidence just soared."

Two days before the Auburn game, Mackovic spoke at a Wake boosters' luncheon. "It would be wrong to think that Wake Forest has arrived," he told his audience. "It isn't as if we've suddenly become an ACC power." But they sure have become something. This Saturday they take on 5-2 Clemson. Better wear your lightning rods, Tigers.

continued



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THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDWEST At Nebraska's Memorial Stadium a sign said, **BEYOND GOES WELL WITH FILET OF BUFFALO**. With Jarvis Redwine rushing for 206 yards and scoring on runs of 23, 56 and 13 yards, the Huskers feasted on Colorado's Buffalo 38-10. For Redwine, it was his fifth 100-yard game in a row. In all, Nebraska runners gained 452 yards, Colorado's only consolation was that it ended the Huskers' string of 13 shutout quarters with an early field goal.

Also having a big day was last year's Herman Trophy winner, Billy Sims of Oklahoma. Sims, who has been hurt much of the season, scrambled for 202 yards and four touchdowns against Iowa State. The Sooners scored on six of their first eight possessions, led 38-0 at one point and finished with 366 yards of total offense, 493 of them on the ground, as the Cyclones succumbed 38-9. Oklahoma remained tied with Nebraska for the Big Eight lead. Freshman Alex Giffords set a Iowa State record with a 58-yard field goal.

Kansas State's top two quarterbacks were both out with injuries so Coach Jim Dickey was forced to give his son Durrell, a freshman, a chance to start against Missouri. Durrell came through by connecting on 15 of 25 passes for 187 yards and a pair of touchdowns as the Wildcats jared the Tigers 19-3.

For the third game in a row, Ohio State rolled up more than 500 yards and 40 points. This time, the Buckeyes amassed 533 yards on 89 plays as they swamped Michigan State 42-0. Everything worked for State, even a planned deep pass on its second play from scrimmage—a 54-yard scoring bomb from Art Schlichter to Doug (White Lightning) Dosley. Schlichter hit on half of his 16 throws for 154 yards and two touchdowns and rushed for 33 more while scoring twice himself. It was the second shutout in succession for the Buckeyes, who have yielded only two touchdowns in the last 20 quarters.

Lawrence Reid of Michigan deliberately threw the ball away after catching a pass and thereby helped the Wolverines square punt Indiana 27-21 and remain tied with Ohio State for the Big Ten lead. How come? The Hoosiers had tied the score at 21-21 with 55 seconds left. Two plays after the kickoff the Wolverines were on their own 44 with 14 seconds to go. John Wampler then passed six yards to Reid. Realizing he wouldn't make it to the goal, Reid chuckd the ball out of bounds. That stopped the clock. But no penalty was assessed even though Reid's action apparently violated NCAA Rule 7-2-1, which makes it illegal "to throw the ball intentionally out of bounds to conserve time." Wam-

pler then hit Anthony Carter with a touchdown pass as the clock ran out.

Paul Sauer passed for all three Iowa touchdowns in a 24-13 Hawkeye victory over Wisconsin, one of those scores coming on a 75-yard toss to Dennis Moxley.

Purdue's huge drum—the "World's Largest Drum"—couldn't be found on the morning of the Northwestern game. Also missing was the Boilemkn's scoring punch. Purdue had three passes intercepted, was penalized for having too many players on the field, had a PAT kick blocked, was called for a 42-yard pass-interference penalty that gave Northwestern the ball at the Boilemkn's one and lost a fumble that the Wildcats fell on for a touchdown. Nevertheless, Purdue prevailed 20-16 as Mark Hermann hit on 19 of 34 passes for 228 yards and a touchdown.

Illness, ninth in the Big Ten in rushing, tore through Minnesota for 242 yards on the ground. Mike Holmes rushed for 195 of those yards, but the Illini had to settle for a 17-17 tie. Paul Rognie of the Gophers broke a school record with a 57-yard field goal.

Pimpot passing in the clutch by Rusty Lisch enabled Notre Dame to beat South Carolina 18-17. With the Gamecocks leading 17-3 late in the third period, Vagas Ferguson ignited the Irish comeback with a 26-yard scoring run. Lisch then took them 80 yards in 54 seconds, completing six of seven passes, the last a 14-yarder to Dean Maszta for a TD with 42 seconds remaining. That left Notre Dame behind 17-16. Lisch then wrapped up the resurgence with a two-point conversion pass to Pete Holohan.

1. NEBRASKA (7-0)

2. OKLAHOMA (6-1) 3. OHIO STATE (6-0)

SOUTHWEST "Somehow, if we even have to block a punt and kick a field goal, we'll win 10-7." That was what Southern Methodist Coach Ron Meyer had to say a few days before facing Texas in a Southwest Conference shootout. Final score: Longhorns 30, Mustangs 6. Unfazed, Meyer said after the game, "If we'd had a couple things go right and a few things go wrong for them, we'd have been in there." One reason SMU wasn't "in there" was that three Texas full-backs—Brod Beck, Rodney Tate and Herkie Walls—pepped up an attack that had to get along without the injured Jam Jones and Leroy King. Beck, who had not played a down all season, ran for 78 yards. Tate gained 56 yards, 18 more than he had all year. And Walls, a freshman, carried five times for 71 yards, 30 of them on a touchdown run. On top of that, Quarterback Donnie Little hit on seven of 11 passes for 119 yards and rushed for another 73.

"They'd run the same play before but had gone outside with it all the other times. The quarterback checked off at the line, the receiver went inside and I just anticipated right."

That was how Baylor Cornerback Howard Fields described the unfolding of a spectacular play. He intercepted the pass and ran it back 95 yards for a touchdown in the Bears' 16-3 victory over Texas Christian. Baylor also scored on field goals of 38, 34 and 33 yards by Robert Bledsoe.

Texas A&M's grind-out offense overpowered Rice 41-15. Curtis Dickey, who scored twice on short runs, had 127 of the 311 yards the Aggies gained on the ground.

1. HOUSTON (7-0)

2. ARKANSAS (6-1) 3. TEXAS (5-1)

EAST It is no surprise that freshman Quarterback Dan Marino has already made himself right at home in Pitt Stadium. After all, he grew up within a long pass of the field. Marino took charge of Pitt's attack after Rick Trecoano was shelved with a hamstring pull in the first period and led the Panthers to a 24-7 victory over previously unbeaten Navy. The Midlides led 7-3 at halftime, but then Marino began unloading strikes, hitting on 10 straight passes during one stretch and finishing with 22 completions in 30 tries for 227 yards and two TDs.

As has become its custom, Penn State's offense capitalized on turnovers forced by its defense following up three of them with scores in the course of a 31-6 win over West Virginia. Accounting for the bulk of the Nittany Lions' 339 rushing yards were Booker Moore (166 yards and three touchdowns) and Matt Suhey (124 yards).

Despite having been banged up early by Miami, Quarterback Bill Hurley of Syracuse ran for 124 yards and two touchdowns and passed for 99 yards. More Orange juice came from Joe Morris, who ran for 114 yards, and Gary Anderson, who kicked field goals of 50, 44, 29 and 25 yards as Syracuse won 25-15.

With Dan Conway and Leo Smith excelling on offense and with Jim Budness harassing Army on defense, Boston College was a 29-16 winner. Conway, who rushed for 177 yards, scored on runs of one and 48 yards. Smith topped off his 114-yard effort with a 64-yard touchdown scamper. But the game ball went to Budness, a linebacker, for intercepting three passes, recovering two fumbles and blocking an extra-point kick.

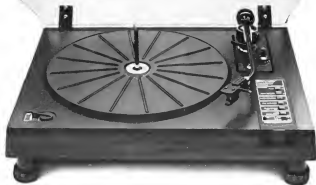
Statistically, Lehigh had a vast edge over Bucknell, running off 95 plays for 358 yards and 23 first downs to the Bisons' 35 plays, 116 yards and two first downs. On the scoreboard, though, the Engineers had only the narrowest of advantages at the end 14-13. Keeping the Bisons in contention were two long scoring runs by Hassan Abdullah, who broke loose for 91 yards and ran back a punt 83 yards. Lehigh pulled the game out when Rich Andrus passed five yards to Mike Ford for a touchdown with 56 seconds left.

A 24-6 victory over Penn kept Yale undefeated and alone at the top of the Ivy League.

continued

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Cornell floored Dartmouth 21-10 and Princeton sidetracked Harvard 9-7. Leading the way for the Big Red was Tom Wendenlof, who had a 69-yard touchdown run into his 247 yards rushing. Ivy squads continued to have troubles with non-league foes. Columbia losing 28-14 to Colgate and Brown being stopped 14-7 by Holy Cross. Senior Neil Solentrom of the Crusaders, who had not played since 1977, punted for 741 yards and hit Phil Johnson on a 58-yard scoring play with 1:53 remaining.

1. PITTSBURGH (6-1)

2. TEMPLE (5-1) 3. PENN STATE (5-2)

WEST On Monday, Oregon State Coach Craig Fergie got something he feared he might get—a pink slip relieving him of his duties at the end of the season. On Saturday he got something he feared he might never see again—a victory. The Beavers, who were 0-7 and who had scored only five points in their previous four outings, stunned Stanford 33-31 with a wild finish. They won for Fergie even though the Cardinal Turk Schonert passed for 238 yards and two touchdowns and connected on 17 of 20 throws. And State came out on top despite trailing 24-7 late in the second quarter and 31-23 with 1:15 remaining. At that point Jeff Southern finished out an 85-yard Beaver drive by slamming over from one yard out. That still left Stanford in front 31-29, a master son taken care of when Scott Richardson flicked a two-point conversion pass to Tony Robinson. Richardson was on the mark with 16 of 24 attempts for 168 yards.

With the score knotted at 31, Oregon State declined to try an on-side kick, fearing that an unsuccessful one might allow Stanford to get close enough for Ken Naber to boot a decisive field goal. So the Beavers kicked off long. Stanford's Rick Gervais circled under the ball, caught it on the two-yard line while moving back and then dropped to one knee in the end zone. Gervais thought he had registered a touchdown. Instead, it was ruled that he had scored a game-winning safety for Oregon State because he had caught the ball while on the field of play.

"We talked all week about not letting UCLA do anything right off the bat," said Washington Coach Don James. So what happened? That's right, the Bruins took the opening kickoff and marched 84 yards for a touchdown. However, after picking up six first downs during that drive, UCLA went 36 minutes before chalking up another. In the interval, the Husky offense had opened up, its defense had clamped down and Washington was well on its way to a 34-14 Pac 10 triumph. Two touchdown passes by Tom Flock, a 62-yard scoring run on a punt return by Mark Lee and a tenacious defense enabled the Huskies to bounce back convincingly after having been upset the past two weeks.

Arizona State and Utah State both came up with long scoring plays. Mark Malone of the Sun Devils zipping 98 yards and Craig Bradshaw and Fred Fernandes of the Aggies teaming up on a 95-yard pass-run. Malone, though, was able to keep the Sun Devil offense churning throughout the game, completing 16 of 22 passes for 163 yards and rushing for 133 yards. All of which added up to 528 yards in total offense for Arizona State, which won 28-14. It was the second consecutive victory for Bob Owens since replacing the embattled and dismissed Frank Kush.

It took a mighty effort for Southern Cal to retain its half-game conference lead over Washington and Arizona State. Superb passing by Rich Campbell of California and the Golden Bears' resolute defense gave the Trojans, who also dropped six passes, all they could handle. Going into the fourth quarter, the game was tied 7-7, the Trojans having scored on an 80-yard drive after the opening kickoff and Cal having faltered when Safety Darnell Chapman ran back a blocked field-goal try 74 yards in the second period.

Charles White put USC ahead 14-7 when he gatted 73 yards during a 68-yard march which culminated in a two-yard touchdown plunge by White. That's right, 73 yards—45 by running and 28 by grabbing two passes—because the Trojans were hit with a five-yard penalty during the march. Campbell promptly took Cal 52 yards in five plays, the last a 13-yard pass to Matt Bouza. That made it 14-14. A dropped pass stymied USC's subsequent drive, which was climaxed by Eric Hipp's 45-yard field goal with 2:46 to go. A five-yard TD run by White with just two seconds left clinched Southern Cal's 24-14 win. White had 198 yards, Campbell 266 yards as he hit on 24 of 40 passes. Rounding out the Pac 10 action was Oregon's 37-26 defeat of Washington State.

Four fumble recoveries and two interceptions by Brigham Young's defense were only partly responsible for the Cougars' 59-7 drubbing of New Mexico. As usual, the main man was Marc Wilson. In less than three quarters, he posed for four touchdowns. Hauling in eight throws for 153 yards was Split End Lloyd Jones, who made his biggest catch of the day when he married Bonnie Savage right after the game.

1. USC (7-0-1)

2. BYU (7-0) 3. WASHINGTON (6-2)

SOUTH Unkicked Florida State usually alternates two quarterbacks during a game, but with Wally Woodham recuperating from dental surgery it was up to Jimmy Jordan alone to put some teeth into the Semmole offense. Besides, said Coach Bobby Bowden, "We wanted to have our rifle arm in there to throw the ball over the secondary." Throw, Jordan did. He completed 14 of 31 passes for 312 yards and three

touchdowns. Six of Jordan's completions covered 44, 40, 53, 36, 30 and 25 yards as the Seminoles kept their perfect record intact with a 24-19 triumph at Louisiana State. Six of the passes were caught by Jackie Flowers.

"It's an honor for our team to get this opportunity," said Virginia Tech Coach Bill Dooley before playing at Alabama. It may have been an honor for Tech, but it was another victory for "Bama, 31-7. Coach Bear Bryant had his cake and ate it, too—a gift one commemorating his 200th Alabama win. Only two other major-college coaches have had more at one school, Amos Alonzo Stagg with 244 at Chicago and Woody Hayes with 205 at Ohio State.

Georgia moved half a game ahead of Alabama in the Southeastern Conference with a 20-6 verdict over Kentucky. Two touchdowns in eight seconds by Frank Mordecai didn't prevent Vanderbilt from losing 63-28.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Marc Wilson, Brigham Young's senior quarterback, tied an NCAA record by passing for more than 300 yards for the fourth game in a row. He threw for 316 yards (21 of 43) as the Cougars beat New Mexico 59-7.

DEFENSE: Grady Turner, a 6'1", 210-pound sophomore linebacker, recovered a fumble, made 19 tackles, broke up a pass and stole another to help set up the decisive field goal as Houston defeated Arkansas 13-10.

at Mississippi. Mordecai's scores came on a five-yard run and, after an Ole Miss fumble on the ensuing kickoff, on a 20-yard dash.

North Carolina State, which was outgained by Clemson on the ground (222 yards to 101) and through the air (134 yards to 47), nevertheless won the war 16-13. The Wolfpack took a 13-3 lead by scoring after picking off a pass at the Tiger 27 and pouncing on a fumble on the Clemson 24. State's Nathan Riner kicked field goals of 41 and 26 yards, and added a 25-yard clincher with 9:06 left.

Field goals of 42 and 30 yards by Dale Cantorio of Maryland made him 15 for 15, an NCAA record for consecutive three-pointers in one season. Those kicks, plus 136 yards rushing by Wayne Wingfield and a defense that held Duke runners to minus five yards, carried the Terps to a 27-0 ACC victory.

It took a 47-yard field goal by Jeff Hayes with 13 seconds left for North Carolina to salvage a 24-24 deadlock with East Carolina. The Pirates, down 21-10 at halftime, had moved in front with 7:36 to be played when Leander Green punted 12 yards to Vern Daveport. In another out-of-conference game, Georgia Tech lost to Tulane 12-7.

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2. FLORIDA STATE (7-0) 3. TENNESSEE (4-2)

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No dirge for a merge

The four ex-WHA teams have not been pushovers for their new NHL brethren

Three weeks ago Wayne Gretzky, the Edmonton Oilers' 18-year-old center, walked into Chicago Stadium and mumbled to himself, "Hoo boy, I can't believe this is happening!" On another night, given the location of the Black Hawks' arena, Gretzky might have been referring to, say, the vandalizing of the Oilers' bus. But this night he was talking about Edmonton's first game as a member of the National Hockey League.

Gretzky was not the only one who couldn't believe it. WHA fans had been

waiting for the rival leagues to merge for seven years, and owners in every corner of the continent had been bankrupting themselves while hoping for this day. On the other hand, the players had prayed the merger would never happen so that the salary wars could last forever.

Ah, but all things must pass, and with the end of the WHA era, one question still remained: Could the league's four survivors (Winnipeg, Edmonton, Hartford and Quebec) be competitive with the established teams after meeting the merger provisions? Each incoming team was allowed to protect two skaters and two goalies from its WHA roster, with the rights to most of the remaining players reverting to the NHL clubs that had owned or drafted them.

Judging from the results of the first three weeks of the NHL season, the an-

swer seems to be a definite maybe. On Sunday night in Quebec the Nordiques struck a mighty blow for the late WHA when they stunned the Stanley Cup champion Montreal Canadiens 5-4. So far the old WHA clubs have an 8-18-8 record against NHL clubs and an 8-17-10 record overall. On the whole, the WHA teams seem to be well ahead of such expansion gems as the 1974-75 Washington Caps, who went 8-67-5 that season. Indeed, the Caps now are at the point where the WHA clubs appear to be.

Edmonton lost that first game in Chicago 4-2, but Black Hawk goalie Tony Esposito was the only significant difference between the teams. Mark Messier, Edmonton's other 18-year-old, was so thrilled that he said, "I sat in my hotel room afterward, and all I could think about was 'Hey, we're in the NHL!'"

Edmonton then played its next five games without a loss (albeit with only one win, that a 6-3 decision over fellow WHA'er Quebec), tying NHL regulars Detroit, Vancouver, Minnesota and the New York Islanders. And these were not dump-it-in-and-pray-time-runs-out ties, the kind that make kissing your sister seem like heaven on earth. These were good, wide-open games. The Oilers tied both Vancouver and Detroit by scoring in the last minute, and against Minnesota they came from three goals down.

Gretzky made the step to the NHL as easily as he has made every other step during his brief but well-chronicled hockey career, scoring seven points in his first five games against established clubs. And linemate Blair MacDonald scored eight goals in his first five games. But it was MacDonald's defensive play that made Minnesota Coach Glen Sonmor somewhat effusively call him "the best checker in the NHL," forgetting that one Bob Gueney still plays for Montreal.

The Oilers did some gushing of their own. Goalie Dave Dryden, the Most Valuable Player in the WHA last season, said, "We won't be an expansion team like other expansion teams of the past. The fans should expect this team in the playoffs." Defenseman Pat Price, late of the Islanders, expects a lot more

continued



Edmonton's Gretzky has convinced NHL clubs he's no WHA flake

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than that. Calling his club "a carbon copy of the Islanders when they were young," Price flatly predicts, "We are going to win our division." Even given the fact that the division in question is the hapless Smythe—the leaching field of professional hockey—such optimism seems excessive, but enthusiasm can take a club a long way. Says Coach Glen Sather, "Most of these guys have been playing first-rate pro hockey for a few years. They want to show the NHL they're good hockey players."

One believer is new Colorado Coach Don Cherry. In their first two meetings with the new teams, the Rockies were whipped by Winnipeg 4-2 and Quebec 5-2. "The four WHA teams have had a lot better start in the NHL than teams like Kansas City and Washington did," says Cherry. "As far as I'm concerned, they all got to keep four super players. They're going to surprise some people. I should know, they surprised us twice."

After beating the Canadiens, Quebec had a 3-2 record against established clubs, including a 3-0 shutout win at Chicago. With Robbie Ftorek, Marc Tardif, Real Cloutier and Serge Bernier, the Nordiques have an impressive nucleus. Cloutier, who scored 75 goals last year and had 283 in five WHA seasons, was given a backhanded compliment, Canadian-style, when Montreal Coach Bernie Geoffrion assigned Gaucy, who really is the best checker in the league, to cover him. Cloutier was shut out by Gaucy in the Canadiens' 3-1 win at the Forum, but he had a goal in the Nordiques' win at La Colisée.

Elsewhere, Cloutier showed the established NHL clubs that his WHA goal totals (Cloutier scored 60 when he was 19 years old) were not merely inflated by dilution—of talent, that is. He had a hat trick against Atlanta in his first NHL game and scored six goals in his first six games. "But I would have had 10 or 12 in the WHA," Cloutier said, dissatisfied. "The NHL goaltenders are a lot better, and it's going to take me a certain time before I know them all."

The Winnipeg Jets were hit hardest by the terms of the merger, only nine of the players on their '79 WHA championship team have returned. Still, General Manager John Ferguson, the man mainly responsible for the successful reconstruction of the New York Rangers, has patched together a team that is 3-5 against the established clubs. On Friday



GM Ferguson hopes Hull foils Jets' attack

in Winnipeg, the Jets beat Boston 3-2 in a game that featured a bench-clearing brawl in the first minute of play.

One has to wonder how good Ferguson's Jets might be had they been allowed to enter the league intact. Chicago's two best forwards, Terry Ruskowski and Rich Preston, both played for the Jets in 1978-79. So did Kent Nilsson of Atlanta (39 goals), Kim Clackson of Pittsburgh, and Glenn Hicks and Barry Long of Detroit. Thus depleted, the Jets could score only 16 goals in their first nine games. So Ferguson last week hired 40-year-old Bobby Hull out of retirement. Hull will help Winnipeg's offense, but he'll miss old Jet line mates Anders Hedberg and Ulf Nilsson—both of whom Ferguson enticed to New York when he was the Rangers' general manager—something fierce.

Even the Hartford Whalers, whose first two-goal scorer was the Methuen of hockey, 51-year-old Gordie Howe, have showed strength at times. They tied Pittsburgh, Chicago and the Rangers, all on the road, and the Islanders needed two goals in the third period to beat them 2-1 Friday night. The Whalers' biggest problem has been an inoffensive offense; they scored only 20 goals in their first nine games. Mark Howe, 22, was moved from wing to defense in training camp, but now is back at wing. The younger Howe is Hartford's one truly exceptional under-50 player, but he has not achieved the consistency that graced—and graces—his father's career.

Old Gordie, meanwhile, just plants himself outside the crease and gets more than his share of chances, especially dur-

ing the power play. Pittsburgh Coach Johnny Wilson, a teammate of Howe's in Detroit, watched Howe tally his 787th NHL goal—his first since 1971—and said, "He just skates around and makes things happen. He doesn't waste any motion. He lets his wingers be his legs, and he's the brains."

To many WHA diehards, the sad thing about the merger agreement was the NHL's insistence that the WHA clubs return many quality players to the teams that owned their NHL rights. "It bugs me that we came into the NHL without all of our defense and half the team we built the last couple of years in the WHA," says Edmonton owner Peter Pocklington. The Oilers' losses on defense include Paul Shmyr, now captain of Minnesota. Dave (Bam-Bam) Langevin of the Islanders, Joe Micheletti of St. Louis and John Hughes of Vancouver. "It might take us quite a while just to get the team back together where we were. But the important thing is we kept the kids. We've got Gretzky for the next 21 years!"

Happily, the NHL fans do, too, although empty seats have been the rule in most NHL cities when the old WHA clubs have come to town. For their part, the Gretzkys and Cloutiers relish being in the NHL.

"This may sound dumb," says Gretzky, "but every time you score a goal, it's more exciting in this league." **END**



Winnipeg muzzes Ruskowski (8). Old loves him

A little guy who's riding high

By defending his super bantamweight championship for the 10th straight time with his 10th straight knockout, Wilfredo Gomez gave a lift to the sport's lower classes



Gomez revels in tying Duran's KO record in championship fights. Now Wilfredo wants Danny Lopez

Wilfredo Gomez' handshake is soft, about the consistency of pasta. Obviously the fighter has more pressing matters for his hand. At one moment Gomez looks positively angelic and says, "I bear no ill will against any other boxer." And in the next instant his smile hardens, and he says, "I will destroy him, very slowly, but with great pleasure."

That is what the Puerto Rican did last Friday night in Madison Square Garden, knocking out the challenger for his World Boxing Council super bantamweight title, Nico Perez of Tucson, Ariz., by flooring him three times in the fifth round. And that is what Gomez has been doing ever since he won the 122-pound championship in May of 1977 by knocking out Dong-Kyun Yum of South Korea. His

knockout of Perez was Gomez' 10th straight in title bouts, which ties the record set by former lightweight champion Roberto Duran. Since a draw in his first pro fight, Gomez, who turned 23 this week, has KO'd 26 straight opponents, almost half of whom have taken up new careers. He has been the busiest of all world champions: the Perez fight was his 10th defense in 27 months.

Gomez is one of the major reasons that the runts of boxing's litter have begun to usurp some of the glamour of the heavyweights. When Garden matchmaker Gil Clancy contemplates a fight between Gomez and WBC featherweight champion Danny (Little Red) Lopez, visions of big bucks dance in his head. "It would be the first million-dollar fight ever

in the lower divisions," says Clancy, "and it will happen." When it will happen—and where—is still up in the air. First Gomez will try to break the record for consecutive title-fight knockouts, probably next month against No. 8 contender Davey Vasquez of New York, and the champion may want a bout or two as a featherweight (126 pounds) before he challenges Lopez, so the match probably won't come off until the spring.

But Gomez is so eager for the fight that his lawyer, Gabriel Peñagaricano, says Wilfredo will be happy to accept \$1 less in purse money than Lopez if that pleases Little Red. That is no small concession for Gomez, who has a heavy-weight ego. Clancy is trying very hard to put the fight in the Garden, even though Friday's show lost a little money with a crowd of 9,054, still better than the Knickerbockers are drawing on some nights. Gomez earned \$125,000 for defending his crown, and Perez received \$17,500 for bouncing off the canvas a total of four times.

Another reason Gomez is anxious to get out of the super bantamweight class, which used to be called junior featherweight before someone decided "junior" was in some way demeaning, is that he's outgrown it. There is no one left in the division to fight, and besides, he has trouble making the weight. Although Gomez didn't have to struggle as much this time to get down to 122 as he had to do in his previous defense against Carlos Mendoza in September, he still had to discard his New York Yankees T shirt at the weigh-in on his second pass at the scales. Even then Clancy, peering at the scale, yelled, "One twenty-two," awfully fast. Perez, already giving away nine inches in reach, came in at 120 and was informed by Gomez that he would weigh even less by the time Wilfredo got through with him.

Although he had knocked out Mendoza in the 10th round, that fight is something of an embarrassment to Gomez. He was sluggish after a bout with the flu and the scales, and he was in danger of losing the decision when he finally knocked Mendoza out. Beto Martinez, Perez' manager and surrogate father, watched

continued

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that match on television and thought his boxer might have a chance. The Perez entourage studied films of the Mendoza fight in preparation for their shot at the big time. Unfortunately for them, the real Gomez was in the ring Friday night.

All in all, it was not a very good week for Perez, but then he's never had it easy. He grew up in Chihuahua, Mexico—an appropriate place for a miniature fighter to come from—one of 11 children in a poor family. "He had no trouble making weight," says Martinez, "because he was on a diet the first 17 years of his life." Martinez found him two years ago in Puerto Rico, after he'd lost his first pro fight, and took him to his gym in Tucson. Perez came into the tale bout with impressive, though slightly mysterious, credentials. Only 19, Perez was 42-1, having fought every three weeks or so mostly in the Southwest and West, and he was the WBC's No. 6 contender.

The first of Perez' problems on his maiden visit to New York was finding a place to train. He went to Gleason's Gym, three blocks from the Garden, but was in-

formed that he couldn't work out because Gomez was training there. Then he went to the Times Square Gym and had already changed into his trunks when he was told sorry, but the champion will be using those facilities, too. So Perez ended up in Jersey City, at Bufano's Gym, which was a little out of the way. "All Nicky's seen of New York is the four walls of his hotel room and the inside of the Lincoln Tunnel," said Martinez.

Then came the fight. Gomez is the thinking man's puncher, or the punching man's thinker—take your pick. "In the first two rounds I tried to give Perez the impression that he could hit me," said Gomez. "I purposely took a couple of jabs so that he would start to come to me." Perez took the bait, and Gomez had him hooked by the third round. At the end of the fourth round the champion connected with a left uppercut to Perez' liver, and both the liver and Perez went down. A right hand floored Perez to start the fifth round, and a left-right combination put him on the canvas a second time. After each knockdown, Perez

gambly bounced up, but he was bleeding from the nose and, for all intents and purposes, was finished. The third and final knockdown of the round came on a left to the head as the bell sounded. As Gomez, who had predicted a fifth-round knockout, put it, "The punch almost put his face through the mat."

After the fight, the champion gave his challenger credit. He said he was fast and strong and brave and young. Then he said, "Each time he went down, I studied him as if he were a work of art. He went down beautifully, no?"

Gomez is an unusual fighter in many ways. Although his lawyer handles the finer points, he is basically his own manager. He alone dictates the terms of his fights. Says Penagaricano, "In the classic sense, a boxer always needed a manager to serve as his surrogate brain. The manager had to make up for the fighter's intellectual shortcomings. Wilfredo has no such shortcomings. He has a brain."

Although an earlier business venture into sports promotions and real estate, called Bazooka Gomez Enterprises, has failed, the champion is still worth close to a million dollars, almost unheard of for a fighter in the lighter weight classes. As probably the greatest sports hero in Puerto Rico today, he is extremely marketable. He even has Hollywood aspirations, although his acting experience consists mainly of a couple of TV auto commercials.

Gomez has also entered into a partnership with Paul Guez, the president of Sasson, the jeans-manufacturing firm with the all-too-memorable commercial ("Ooh, la, la, Sasson . . ."). Guez and Gomez make an odd couple, a clothing designer from Lyons, France, and one of the best fighters in the world pound-for-pound. But Guez is an avid fight fan, and Gomez has a nose for money. Wilfredo now holds the distribution rights to all Sasson products in Puerto Rico, and in exchange Gomez wears a Sasson robe into the ring. That was Guez hosting Gomez up in the center of the ring when the fight was over.

Gomez' business interests are not about to make him forget that he is first and foremost a fighter. "He is always amiable, always kidding around out of the ring," says Penagaricano, "but when his hands are being taped before a fight, his whole personality changes."

Ready when you are, Little Red. **END**



Gomez sent 19-year-old Perez to the canvas four times, including three in the fifth and last round.

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Why is Brown smiling? Perhaps because, for once, oft-injured Quarterback Ken Anderson isn't hurt

In 1975 the Cincinnati Bengals finished with an 11-3 record and for the third time in their eight-year history qualified for the playoffs. In those days no team in the NFL seemed to have a brighter future than Cincinnati. Not only were most of the players on that good '75 squad pretty young, but in the ensuing four drafts the Bengals would have nine first-round picks, more than any other NFL franchise. But somehow Cincinnati has bungled an extraordinary opportunity to build a dynasty. After narrowly missing the playoffs in 1976 and 1977 with 10-4 and 8-6 records, respectively, the Bengals dropped to 4-12 last season and settled in the cellar of the AFC Central. And this season they have lost seven of their first nine games, with one of the two victories being last Sunday's 37-13 defeat of Philadelphia at Riverfront Stadium.

"The biggest surprise of the 1979 NFL season is the Cincinnati Bengals," says Paul Brown, the team's part-owner and general manager. "I thought that we were going to be a pretty good football team."

You're not alone, Paul.

Brown coached the Bengals in their first eight seasons. He retired a few days after Cincinnati's 31-28 playoff loss to Oakland in 1975, confident that "I had nothing more to prove." In his 41 years

The Bengals' bumbles

Everything's gone wrong in Cincinnati, and Paul Brown is getting all the blame

of coaching, Brown, who is now 71, had introduced just about everything to football but the ball itself. He didn't just fade away, though. While he no longer is visible on the sidelines, Brown remains in full control of the Bengals, and now that his team's fortunes are flagging, more and more Cincinnati fans are pointing accusing fingers at the old master. As a coach, they thought Brown could reach Riverfront Stadium by walking on the river. As a general manager, they are beginning to suspect that he is all wet.

When the *The Cincinnati Enquirer* recently asked its readers, "What's wrong with the Bengals?" more than one-third of the respondents placed the blame squarely on Brown. Or on "management." In Cincinnati, management is a synonym for the Brown family; Paul's 43-year-old son Mike is the assistant general manager, and his 35-year-old son

Pete is the director of player personnel. Management was also the guilty party in the eyes of *The Cincinnati Post*, which ran a four-part series on the workings of the Dallas Cowboys in an attempt to answer the question: "What makes one a championship organization, the other mediocre?"

Whatever blame the front office must accept for the Bengals' failures, another reason for Cincinnati's dismal performance has been the injuries suffered by Quarterback Ken Anderson, who was the NFL's No. 1 passer in the glory season of '75. He missed the first four games of the '78 season with a broken bone in his right hand and was ineffective thereafter, and he has missed two games this year with a back injury. Also, wide receivers Isaac Curtis and Billy Brooks have both been hampered by leg miseries.

Moreover, Cincinnati has a fearsome schedule. It has already lost to four of last year's playoff teams—Denver, New England, Houston and Dallas. But the Bengals also were walloped by lowly Buffalo, 51-24. After that game, Defensive End Gary Burley muttered, "I'm sitting here waiting for a wake-up call. I must be dreaming."

Around Cincinnati there is a feeling that the Bengals wasted many of those nine first-round picks on players of the

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sort the Brown clan prefers, that is, neither flum-bonyant nor disruptive. Says one Cincinnati, "The Bengals need some players who can speak only in one- or two-syllable words, eat bananas and have to be chained to the bench." Other critics call for more intensity from Coach Homer Rice, a pleasant, low-key fellow who grew up in the Cincinnati area and also coached high school and college ball there. Rice wears a business suit on the sideline, "as though," one indignant fan says, "the game were a stop-over before a cocktail party."

Brown is even under attack from some of his ex-players, the most vocal being retired Tight End Bob Trumpy, who hosts a local radio show and also serves as an analyst on NBC-TV football broadcasts. Trumpy's constant barbs have pierced the thim-skinned Bengal management; they also apparently cost him his job as a commentator on telecasts of Bengal preseason games. He is no longer allowed on Cincinnati's charter flights, a courtesy extended to most of the area's sports media. "On one occasion they told me there were no seats available," says Trumpy, "but they had a 135-seat plane and a traveling party of only 95. I don't occupy 40 seats." Still, Trumpy is quick to point out, "I respect Paul Brown. In fact, he may be the only person who can save this team, but he can only do it on the sidelines."

There are many ideas on how the Bengals might solve their problems. Trumpy's faith in Brown's coaching ability is the cornerstone of one, which could be called the Heal Thyself theory. It traces its origins to New Year's Day 1976, when Brown retired and named Offensive Line Coach Bill (Tiger) Johnson as his successor. Shortly thereafter Bill Walsh, Cincinnati's receiver and quarterback coach, disappointed at not getting the head job, packed up all his cares and woes and moved West. Un-



Others say that Rice is nothing more than a puppet for General Manager Brown.



Trumpy thinks all the Bengals need is tender, loving care.

der Walsh, now the San Francisco 49ers' coach, Cincinnati had the most dynamic pass offense in football in 1975. "We suffered a triple loss that day," says Trumpy. "We lost our best teacher in Johnson; as head coach, he had to be an administrator. We lost a great offensive innovator in Walsh. And perhaps most important, we lost the aura of Paul Brown on our sidelines."

Brown had motivated his players by fear. His successors—Johnson, who was fired after an 0-5 start in 1978, and Rice, whose record to date is 6-14—are players' coaches. "Under Brown you played your heart out on Sunday," says Pat Matson, a former Cincinnati guard, "because you didn't want to be embarrassed when we looked at the films on Tuesday. You didn't want to be singled out as the guy who lost the game. Under Brown you dreaded Tuesdays. The players now tell me the coaches never say a word on Tuesday. Maybe that's one of the problems."

Some critics have advanced the Regeneration theory, whose thesis is that as a general manager Brown has been too willing to trade experienced players—particularly discontented and outspoken ones. This may well explain why the present Bengals aren't quick to offer reasons for their 2-7 start. The Browns like to talk about keeping the franchise "green and grown," but the fact is that because of the constantly changing personnel the Bengals have not matured. Sure, some 17 of Cincinnati's starters are first-, second- or third-round draft picks, and the Bengals' average age is only 25.6 years, but the record still reads 2-7.

One first-round draft choice who has not yet panned out as Paul Brown had expected is Running Back Archie Griffin, the two-time Heisman Trophy winner from Ohio State. Griffin rushed for 4.5 yards per carry as a rookie in 1976, but slumped to averages of 4.0 in 1977 and 3.7 in 1978 and had a 3.4-yard average this season until he suddenly exploded for 103 yards against the Eagles on Sunday. He has not rushed for a touchdown since he was a rookie. Bengal management used to be quick to defend Griffin against charges that at 5' 8" and 184 pounds he is too small and not maneuverable enough to excel in the NFL. Now the

continued

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only thing Bengal coaches say about Griffin is that he is "reliable." For his part, Griffin says, "How can I think about 1,000-yard seasons when I don't carry the ball nearly enough [an average of nine carries a game] to do it."

Then there is the Do Unto Others As You Would Have Them Do Unto You theory, which argues that while Brown demanded total autonomy as a coach, Johnson and Rice have been little more than Brown's puppets. "Rice has the same authority as the average normal coach has," Brown insists. "I try to conduct myself as I would want a general manager to conduct himself if I were the coach." But, of course, Paul Brown usually worked for a general manager whose name was Paul Brown.

Rice claims he is happy with things as they are. "I have full control of the football operation," he says. "Paul has never interfered. He's never come to me. But I go to him for advice. With his experience, I'd be stupid if I didn't."

In his capacity as the ultimate authority on the Bengals, Brown is more often assailed for sins of omission than commission. Around the NFL, it is common knowledge that Cincinnati doesn't cater to the wishes of its players, which leads to the Love Thy Player As Thyself theory. While some organizations, notably the Cowboys, bend over backward to create a happy atmosphere for their players, the Bengal management maintains a "strictly business" relationship.

"They negotiate your salary, they pay you your salary, you play, and that's it," says one Cincinnati veteran. Trumpy describes the Browns' approach with an analogy: "I've always pictured the Bengals saying to a \$40,000 Rolls-Royce, 'You cost me a lot of money, so I shouldn't have to wax you. You should stay clean.' There are many little things the Bengals could do for their players but don't, things that don't cost any money, little things like a handshake or a pat on the back."

Mike Reid, an All-Pro defensive tackle who quit the Bengals in 1976 for a career as a musician, agrees. "If you want to be cared about on a football team, Cincinnati is the last place you'd want to play," he says. "You won't get Paul Brown adjusting to any social change. He believes he's right, and in 1979 football is all wrong." But Reid also says, "The players aren't blameless here. When they step on the field, problems with management should be the last things on their mind. Athletes as a whole are people who have a hard time accepting responsibility for their own actions. It takes maturity to realize you're the one screwing up."

For the moment, Brown does not see the need for anything other than patience. When the Bengals snapped their losing streak at six with a 34-10 upset of the Steelers three weeks ago, their mood improved noticeably. "But if we hadn't won that game, there might have been a disaster around here," said veteran Tackle Vernon Holland. **END**

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KEEPER OF SOMETHING UNIQUE

The odd hold wolves have on man moved Jack Lynch to give up his job, spend all of his money and devote all of his time to the preservation of a vanishing breed

BY BIL GILBERT



CONTINUED

WOLVES

continued

while it is an anthropomorphic judgment, he had about him an air of joyful curiosity.

I have had few other moments that I recall so clearly as those when I saw wolves in the wild. A good wolf is esthetically magnificent, even awesome. Like rare works of art or extraordinary athletic achievements, wolves tend to inspire transcendental thoughts.

Man's reaction to wolves is evident in the symbolism that surrounds them. The wolf is right up there with the lion, the tiger and the eagle as a metaphor for valor, strength and freedom. Wolf images adorn coins, seals, battle standards. We assign them honorable, or at least admirable, characteristics; compare being called a wolf to being described as a dog, a jackal, a coyote or even a fox. Though some wolves may go bad, like those who pestered the Little Pigs and Ms. Hood, we tend to feel about them as we did about John Wayne. They may be prickly, easily roused and dangerous, but they are essentially proud, true heroes. Even in fantasy it was unthinkable for Mowgli to have been adopted by jackals or the red dogs of the Decan; these lesser canines were sneaky villains against whom the jungle boy had to be vigilantly protected by the gray heroes of the Seonee wolf pack.

In practice, of course, we have treated wolves as if they were crosses between boll weevils and Martian invaders. In this country, clearing the place of wolves was a work that European settlers kept at for the better part of three centuries. For good or bad, real or imaginary reasons, we set after wolves with guns, traps, poisons and even biological warfare. Captive animals were infected with mange and released to mingle with wild wolves that, it was hoped, would become hairless and freeze to death.

The final solution to the wolf problem was not accomplished until the first quarter of this century, when federal and state agencies fought the last of the wolf wars on the Great Plains and in the Rocky Mountains. Now only a few hundred timber wolves survive in national park and forest sanctuaries in northern Michigan and Minnesota. There are occasional reports of wolves that, like defiant stragglers from a long-defeated army, may be hanging on somewhere in the northern Rockies. A red wolf or two may survive in the Southwest. Otherwise, the U.S., once inhabited from coast to coast by eleven subspecies of the animal, is wolfless, although there are still sizable wolf populations in Canada and Alaska.

There is an irony to our elimination of wolves. Once we had rubbed them out—even as we were rubbing them out—we began to miss them. Oldtimers who had taken part in the westerly movement began to note sorrowfully that the old, free days were gone; now there was only Omaha and all it implies. That a man could no longer hear a wolf howl was seized on as the sad symbol of these changes. Nostalgia for wolves grew and in our times has been reinforced by environmental considerations. As a result, even though the animals themselves are now of minimal ecological significance, there are an inordinate number of wolf students, of people trying to buy wolves and keep them as pets, of people looking for wolves to sell, of people deeply concerned with the survival of the few wild wolves left—in short, a lot of wolf buff.

There is probably nobody more fiercely devoted to wolves than Jack Lynch,

Once, in northern Canada, I camped near a den of wolves and spent most of the softly lit Arctic night enthralled by the sight of three adults of the species feeding and playing with four woolly pekingese-sized pups. In Alaska, I saw a great black wolf pull down a caribou on the ice of a frozen lake. Another time, in the central Canadian Arctic, six of us were paddling along a river a day or so after a wildfire had left the vegetation along the banks charred. Out of a jumble of rocks stepped a Mackenzie Valley dog wolf. He stood perhaps three feet at the shoulder, and his coat was snow-white, and he stood out against the blackened landscape like a monument. For a mile or so the animal trotted along the shore following us. Nothing in his manner suggested alarm or hostility. It was quite possible that he had never seen either men or canoes and,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL MASAKI



Lynch scours the roads for dead deer and other animals to ensure his wolves a steady diet of meat.

who has spent the last 19 years living with, caring for and guarding wolves. His good works have extended to several subspecies, but he is principally, almost religiously, concerned with the fate of the most renowned of all North American wolves, the almost mythic lobo, the buffalo wolf, *Canis lupus rufus*. Lynch, 54, lives in a fenced compound on the Olympic Peninsula of the State of Washington. Along with representatives of five other wolf subspecies, he shares the place with 72 buffalo wolves. They are, it is generally thought, the last of their kind, there having been no reliable reports of *rufus* in the wild for almost 50 years.

During the 19 years, Lynch has reduced himself to, or a bit below, the poverty level, has given up most of the comforts and necessities that are considered ordinary, has parted from his wife and has worked himself into a chronic state of exhaustion in order to do what he feels must be done for the wolves. Beyond the posthole digging, fencing, shoveling, cleaning, doctoring, question-answering, money-procuring and inspection-resisting (a particular nuisance), there is the matter of food. Lynch, who knows as much about wolf nutrition as anyone ever has, says a mature wolf needs 35 to 40 pounds of meat a week to remain fit. This cannot be chopped liver, so to speak, much less the dried, processed meat fed domestic dogs. Lynch becomes very agitated when he talks about what grain will do to wolves, which do not have, he says, the enzymes to handle it, and about people who try to maintain wolves on this sort of feed. According to Lynch, the meat must be real meat, with blood, bone and guts, of the sort buffalo wolves got for themselves in better days. Because during these 19 years he has seldom had the money to pay for a sufficiency of meat, Lynch has scrounged for it—around slaughterhouses, on ranches and farms where stock may go down, especially along roads for deer and other animals killed by cars and trucks. Upon discovering a carcass, often a high ripe one, Lynch will butcher it—covering himself with gore, offal and flies in the process—and lug the meat home to his wolves.

Under such circumstances, supplying a single wolf with 35 to 40 pounds of meat a week for 19 years might be considered at least a semi-Herculean labor, but since he started keeping wolves, Lynch has never been responsible for fewer than 32 of them, and he currently lives with 98, of which 80 are mature. For nearly all of the 19 years, he has done this by himself—a job that a century ago would have occupied 98 wolves. Year after year, come heaven, hell, high water, lawsuits, divorce, bill collectors, sprained backs and the flu, he has scrounged and dragged back the meat, a ton or so every bloody week.

There may have been only one other man able to fully understand what Lynch has done and why he has done it. That would have been a tiny, pug-nacious physician named E. H. McCleery, now nearly two decades in his grave. He was the First Keeper, who for 40 years kept the ancestors of Lynch's lobos. More or less on his deathbed, McCleery, acting like an ancient pagan priest appointing a successor to guard sacred trappings, turned the buffalo wolves over to Lynch and charged him with protecting the gene pool, which both men regarded as precious. The coincidences, some of which now seem to him almost fated, that led to Lynch's becoming the Second Keeper

are much on his mind. He is aware of his own mortality and he is preoccupied with the questions of who will be the Third Keeper and from where—and if—he will appear.

Trained as an engineer, McCleery, a Pennsylvanian, went West in the 1880s but soon decided that part of the country was more in need of doctors. He returned East, earned a medical degree and went West again, establishing a kind of circuit-riding practice in Wyoming. Sometime before World War I he had an experience that was to change his life directly, that of the then-unborn Jack Lynch indirectly, and collectively those of all buffalo wolves. At a jackpot rodeo McCleery observed a "wolf bait," which had been put on the program as an added attraction. A trapped, hobbled wolf was thrown into a ring where cowpunchers and their dogs set about worrying, roping and racking it to death. Though a frail man, only a few inches over five feet in height, McCleery apparently went berserk and tried to halt the event. The cowpunchers shoved him out of the ring and suggested that if he didn't like their sport he could leave, not only the rodeo but also the territory of Wyoming, that they didn't need a doctor bad enough to put up with one who was a wolf lover. McCleery said he didn't need barbarians

continued



Each of the 80 adult wolves in Lynch's pens receives about 35 pounds of fresh meat every week

WOLVES

continued

and sadists, and he packed up and went back East, finally settling in Kane, a village in the ridge country of western Pennsylvania. There he set up a practice and continued to brood about the fate of the wolves, which were then being exterminated throughout the West. Using his influence with former university friends who had risen to high places in the government and also through direct correspondence with professional wolf hunters, McCleery began to purchase live-trapped animals and have them shipped to him in Pennsylvania. Between 1920 and 1931 he obtained 25 wolves. Having become a knowledgeable canine taxonomist, McCleery determined that most of his animals were true lobos, a subspecies that would become extinct in the wild by the late 1930s.

Differences between subspecies of any animal are very slight. A lobo, *i.e.*, *nubifus*, is very similar to a northern Rocky Mountain wolf, *irremotus*. Some of the latter still survive in the Canadian Rockies and occasionally appear south of the border. Because the former ranges of these two wolves overlapped, presumably they interbred and interchanged characteristics. Because taxonomists, who are scientific classifiers, are hairsplitters by profession and therefore disputatious, McCleery's claims that his wolves were of *nubifus* stock were inevitably challenged—and they continued to be after Lynch took over. The controversy became so hot that in 1974 Ronald H. Novak of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, one of the country's most distinguished taxonomists, entered it in the role of referee. Novak ruled that the McCleery and Lynch wolves, which he called a "unique national resource," had indisputably originated in the Great Plains area, where *nubifus*, the buffalo wolf, was endemic. If, and to what extent, they had intergraded with *irremotus* was a question Novak sidestepped adroitly,

writing, "Regardless of taxonomic nomenclature . . . the group of wolves owned by Mr. Lynch contains genes no longer available in the wild, of a kind of wildlife that had a major role in the ecology and history of the western United States." The uniqueness of his animals having been established, Lynch, like McCleery before him, remains firmly convinced that they should properly be called *nubifus*, and he fiercely guards their genes against mongrelization and their good name against the sniping of taxonomists.)

For a time McCleery kept the wolves near his office in Kane. However, under pressure from his neighbors, he eventually moved them to a farm outside the village and in time gave up his practice to work with and for the wolves. They literally ate up his savings, and to maintain the animals and himself, the elderly

doctor opened the farm to tourists who paid to see the wolves. In 1960 McCleery was 93, impoverished, ill, feeble and gnawed with worry about what would become of the lobos when he was gone. At this moment, for reasons he still finds a little spooky and hard to explain rationally, Jack Lynch arrived in Kane.

Originally from Illinois, Lynch was a World War II veteran and subsequently a bush pilot, demolitionist and prospector in Mexico. In the 1950s he had settled in Milwaukee, working as a superintendent for a large heavy-construction firm. Lynch says the job paid well—and, offered opportunities for making a lot more money. But, as had been the case throughout his life, he grew restless, dissatisfied, moody, sometimes violent-tempered. In search of stimulation, Lynch, who had always had a taste for macho sports with nostalgic overtones, began training and racing sled dogs. While flipping through a dog magazine, he came across a short article about Dr. McCleery and the lobo wolves he had in Pennsylvania. "I can't explain it," Lynch says, "but right then I had the feeling that this was something I had to see and know about. The next week I took a couple of days off from work and drove straight through from Milwaukee to Kane."

Lynch found the wolf farm a shambles. "Dr. McCleery was too old and weak to do any work or even supervise it," he says. "He had a local man taking care of the animals. I met that —. He was carrying a club and pistol, and he told me, laughing, that those were his two most important tools. The pens were filthy and the animals were in bad shape, but I had never seen anything, no other animal or human, that moved me as those wolves did. Within five minutes I was absolutely sure that this was what I had been looking for, that taking care of the wolves would give my life some meaning."

Lynch returned to Milwaukee
continued



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WOLVES

continued



At first, Lynch got Wheeler's goat, now she tends his wolves.

kee, and during the ensuing months he sold property he owned there, quit his job and, with his wife, returned in 1961 to Pennsylvania, where he purchased some of Dr. McCleery's farmland and all of his wolves—for \$1,000 apiece. There were 32 of them.

"The first thing I did was fire that helper," Lynch says. "I didn't know anything about how wolves behaved or how to behave with them, but I knew there was something better than coming at them with a club or a gun."

Lynch began learning quickly. Three weeks after he bought the wolves he found that a 200-pound male named Saber had commenced to worry a hole in the fencing that enclosed him. "I knew absolutely nothing about wolves," Lynch says, "and I was too dumb to realize how ignorant I was. I'd had no trouble before this, and I'd half-decided that I was working with big dogs. I went into the pen and started fixing the fence without paying much attention to or, worse, without greeting Saber. The next thing I knew he had knocked me down with a shoulder block. [This is a common move when wolves are tussling in a semi-serious way with each other.] Then he put those huge jaws, which could crack a buffalo's spine, around my thigh, half-lifted me and began dragging me around the pen. I can't describe how scared I was, but at least I had sense enough not to try to fight. I

kept telling him good things and complimenting him. If he had wanted, I'd have kissed him. He put me down in a far corner and drew his lips back in that kind of grin they have. I started to get up slowly. He knocked me down and half-threw me over his shoulder, like a wolf would carry a deer. [At the time Lynch weighed 220 pounds.] Just like animals, men will black out from fright. That is what I did, because I have no memory of the next few minutes. I woke up outside the gate. Saber must have released me. I probably crawled on my hands and knees, because they were covered with mud. Now the significant thing was that this had not been a true attack, because if it had been I'd have been dead. It was a test to see what I was, or what I would do, or something. When I got through shaking, I went up to the house and told Dr. McCleery. He didn't seem surprised; in fact, he seemed pleased. He said something I didn't really understand then. He said, 'Well, it seems as if I found the right man.'"

About four months after he took over the farm, Lynch was startled when all the wolves began howling at midday and kept doing so for 20 minutes or so in a way that he says he had never heard before and has not heard since. "I have no explanation," he says of the happening. "I just know what I heard. Suddenly I had the idea that Dr. McCleery was dead. I went up to his house and he was."

The extended family groups that comprise a free-roaming wolf pack are organized along rather rigid hierarchical lines. At the top are what behaviorists have come to call Alpha animals, either males or females that for reasons of strength, wisdom, experience or other undiagnosable traits of character are deferred to and followed by lesser wolves, the Betas, Gammas, Omegas, etc. One function of the system seems to be to suppress violent competition in such matters as feeding and the selection of mates and to promote cooperative action while hunting in groups and caring for pups. Alpha animals may assert their rights and

discipline or instruct lesser animals in rough physical ways. However, it seems that because of their intangible sense of status or self-importance, they are normally inhibited from making serious killing attacks on their inferiors, somewhat as ancient samurai warriors would not deign to dirty their hands on peasants. Also, the lesser orders seldom challenge their betters, not so much, it seems, because of fear of direct reprisal but because such behavior would be a serious breach of the etiquette of the pack.

Though he had no formal training, Lynch had a strong intuitive sense that even among these Pennsylvania animals, so long removed from the wild, an inherited social order prevailed. His response was to try to understand the ways of the wolves rather than to reeducate them. The process of learning the meaning of various communicative gestures and vocalizations, discovering what constituted good and bad manners, understanding acceptable and unacceptable forms of discipline was a slow, empiric one. What he finally became to these wolves was a super-Alpha male, a position that perhaps no man has ever attained before, perhaps not even McCleery. One morning, I accompanied Lynch on his rounds among the wolves, and the nature of his status, the importance of it, was very apparent.

On the Olympic Peninsula, the wolves, descendants of the animals Lynch first met in Pennsylvania, are enclosed in a compound of about 10 heavily wooded and shaded acres. This area contains 30 separate pens that are separated by walkways. The pens hold varying numbers of wolves, from pairs to groups of six or eight animals. Penmates are selected by Lynch to create packs, or the beginnings of packs, in which desirable bloodlines are maintained. As we entered the main gate and began walking down the central alley, the animals rushed out of the enclosed thickets and dens to the fences. As a stranger I provoked some curiosity, but not much, the collective opinion obviously being that I was a retainer of no great importance. Lynch was the main man, the object of a lot of communicative gestures and very close attention. Nothing in the wolves' behavior gave the impression of hostile or cowed prisoners trying to get at or cringe before a war-

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WOLVES

Continued

den. The mood, it seemed to me, was much more like that of a good-natured holiday crowd which has gathered to greet a respected celebrity, say a Pope or a President.

Here and there Lynch would go inside a pen to, so to speak, press flesh with his admirers. He stopped to scratch and remove a few handfuls of winter hair from a young male and to banter—it cannot be described otherwise—with the animal, to tease him about the sorry condition of his half-shed coat. An ancient female walked up slowly and stiff-legged, her hindquarters aching from arthritis. Lynch gave the matron a gentle massage and commiserated with her about her joints and the ills of old age. With Lummo, a 180-pound Alpha lobo, Lynch wrestled and rough-housed. The familiarity was permitted and appropriate, in part because Lummo himself is something of a baron. Such attention directed toward a less confident animal might have confused the animal or seemed threatening to it. "There is no such thing as a way with wolves," says Lynch. "They have individual personalities, and you deal with each one differently. What they think of themselves is as important as what they think of you."

At the end of the compound, in a very dense cedar grove, there was a pen occupied by a large, rangy male, Lupa, and a rather petite young female. She bounced exuberantly, looking, it seemed, for attention and some fondling from Lynch. Lupa, however, kept his bulk between her and the pen door and us. He was growling, deep in his throat, continually and menacingly. His neck mane was raised and occasionally his formidable canines were exposed in a snarl. "Lupa is exceptionally jealous," said Lynch, confirming the obvious. "Some pairs are not especially possessive, but he is like an old man with a beautiful, outgoing young wife. I'm trying to convince him I'm not a threat. That jealousy could make some real problems in working with them."

Then Lynch talked directly to the wolf: "Lupa, I don't like that. There is no need for that." He spoke firmly but with no trace of anger or impatience in his voice. In a soft aside to me he explained, "Wolves can accept discipline because among themselves they are social, dis-

ciplined animals, but they can also be humiliated, and when they are, they can be dangerous. I learned the hard way. Once, before I knew any better, I disciplined a male too harshly. The bad mistake was that I did it in front of his three sons. He was humiliated, and that was what he never really forgot or forgave." Lynch says he has received half a dozen or so serious bites, but always for good reason, because, out of ignorance or impatience, he had flouted important wolf taboos or social rules.

"Lupi," said Lynch, continuing his conversation with the growling animal, "I want you to stand on that log so I can come in to see you." Slowly, so that the wolf could study each move, Lynch opened the heavy gate, continuing to talk to the wolf in a dignified tone. Lupi kept on growling, but somewhat less ferociously, and finally he stepped backward and sat down on a cedar log near the entranceway. He was tense and he quivered, perhaps from the strain of self-control, but he allowed Lynch to pat him several times respectfully and then to play a bit with the female, which seemed oblivious to the charged emotional atmosphere. After a few moments Lynch withdrew, continuing to speak soberly to Lupi as he did.

The process of becoming an Alpha leader, something of an honorary wolf, has been, Lynch says, the ongoing challenge of his work and also its principal reward. His primary frustration has been that as the sole support of the pack and its emissary to and protector against the outside world, he has never had as much time as he would like to observe, contemplate and be with the wolves. From the moment he assumed responsibility for them, the grueling labor has never ceased. In addition to the unending work of bringing back meat, Lynch was faced with a number of problems when he took over the pack that had reached crisis proportions because of McCleery's infirmities and the inadequacies of the hared help. The fences and shelters were in disrepair, and the pens filled with garbage and dung. Some of the animals were suffering from injuries and disease, an part because McCleery, though a physician, did not believe in much doctoring of wolves, on the grounds that the weak should perish and the strong survive.



Lynch's predecessor and mentor, the First Keeper of the wolves, was veterinarian Dr. E. H. McCleery

While agreeing that this is the natural way, Lynch felt that the surviving lobos were so far removed from the wild that supportive measures were necessary. He began to treat injured animals, to worm and inoculate all of them against distemper and other diseases. He was at first dependent on veterinarians but became impatient with their lack of knowledge, their methods—and their fees. Now he is largely his own vet and has come to be regarded as an authority, often being called on as a health consultant by others who are attempting to maintain wolves in captivity.

Many of the problems and all of the work were complicated by a chronic lack of money. Having spent nearly all his ready assets to purchase the property and

the wolves, Lynch has been in debt almost from the start. Because he is a man of Spartan habits, the perpetual shortage of cash hasn't bothered him much as far as personal comforts are concerned, but it has annoyed him when the welfare of the wolves has been affected. "There was one time in Pennsylvania when everyone [that is, the wolves] needed a full gorge," he says. "I didn't have any meat, and I didn't know where to get any. Then, like an answer to a prayer, a farmer called and said that he had two cows down, that I could have them if I came and got them. The trouble was I didn't have enough gas in my truck to make the round trip, and I didn't have a cent to buy any. It was spring and there weren't many visitors. I waited around

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most of the morning and finally a couple came in and paid three dollars to see the wolves. I took their money, rushed them along past the pens, got in the truck, got some gas and went for the cows."

Because visitors were his only source of income—with wolf work occupying him 12 to 14 hours a day, moonlighting at another job is out of the question—Lynch had until recently continued the practice of charging visitors to see the animals, but he regarded this as an unhappy necessity and not a reason for keeping wolves. Feeling that the lobos are a priceless national treasure on the order of whooping cranes or the original of the Gettysburg Address, Lynch gives the impression that displaying them for money to casual gawkers is undignified and demeaning for both the wolves and himself. He also is not well suited temperamentally for public relations. He suffers fools and foolish questions—"How long do they live?" "Can they kill a bear?" "Do they have to eat meat?"—with, at best, obvious impatience. Petty sadists, people who poke and throw things at the wolves, even those who speak disparagingly of them, enrage Lynch. Many of his stories about such happenings end up with accounts of how he refunded the visitors' money and drove them out, sometimes physically, from the sanctuary.

Lynch also has a generally low opinion of casual wolf fanciers and keepers. He estimates there are now about a thousand wolves living in homes, loose or caged, as exotic pets; like the cults of tarantula or rattlesnake keeping, the practice seems to be growing. One consequence is that there is an increasing number of creatures that owners assume to be wolves, but are in fact wolf-dog hybrids. Lynch feels this is a terrible development that may, in time, taint or cast suspicion on the bloodlines of all captive stock. There are exceptions, Lynch concedes, people who have real wolves and real concern for them; but most wolf-pet experiments end badly for both man and beast, he says. "Most of these people are on ego trips to begin with," Lynch says. "The keepers get tired of it very quickly when they find out how much work and how little glamour there is in having a wolf—or even one of those hybrids."

His deepest animosity is directed to-

ward agents who obtain wolves, legally or otherwise, and breed and sell them to private collectors, roadside exhibitors and TV and movie productions. "Rotten rip-off artists," is one of Lynch's printable descriptions of these traders. His negative views on "puppy mills" and the people who run them have made him, Lynch says, the object of abuse and even threats. He is also furious about a recent robbery of his files, in which a number of photographic negatives of the lobos were stolen and from which prints are now being made and sold.

Finally, Lynch has become embroiled in some essentially intellectual feuds with what he admits are serious but, he thinks, misguided wolf students. He has some impressive supporters among wolf zoologists, including Dr. Durward Allen of Purdue, whose research on timber wolves has made him perhaps the most distinguished American authority in the field. In general, though, Lynch tends to be less than enthusiastic about academics. He is critical of their lack of direct, personal experiences with wolves and resentful because he sometimes feels he is patronized because of his lack of formal training. He has had, he says, proposals from professionals who want to test and perform experiments with wolves that Lynch feels are inhumane and/or trivial. "So long as I am alive," he vows, "nothing will be done that is not in their best interests as individual living animals."

Lynch also believes that there are professionals who would like to take his wolves away from him, subvert his authority over the animals and plagiarize his life work. He says that one professor, whom he charges with wanting to become the "führer" of the academic wolf establishment, told him that he could raise a million dollars in foundation money for a new wolf sanctuary in which Lynch could be employed more or less as a head keeper. "Then he told me," says Lynch, "that if this worked out he would send a couple of graduate students to debrief me, which is another way of saying, stealing what I have learned. I laughed in his face. I'll never work with him."

When he is discussing wolves, Lynch

shows certain characteristics often associated with them. He can be prickly, defensive and, as he himself tells it, sometimes violently hostile. Until he is convinced to the contrary, he tends to be suspicious of human motives and activities. He says that his greatest personal ambition is to find someplace where he can live with and enjoy the pack and deal with people on his terms rather than theirs. Presumably, something similar was the objective of most of the wolves that once lived in the U.S. In fairness, it should be added that Lynch also can be a warm, witty, extremely hospitable man and certainly an enormously informative and entertaining one.

Nine years ago, in search of a more perfect sanctuary, Lynch moved his wolves across the continent to Washington. The old pens that had been in use since McCleery's time had become disease-infested to the point that sterilization was impossible. The long, cold winters in Pennsylvania were proving hard on the animals, and the reproductive rate was very low. Lynch made several flying trips—the first of them also marked the first time he had left the farm since coming to it a decade earlier—to investigate new sites and finally selected one on the Olympic Peninsula overlooking Discovery Bay, near the village of Gardiner. It is a forested tract, with a mild climate, close to ranches and farms where Lynch thought he might obtain meat. To raise the down payment, he sold some property he had inherited in the Midwest, as well as the land in Pennsylvania. He made the move in the winter of 1971 when the pack numbered 56 animals. One way or another all of them were tranquilized, something Lynch does only in the most critical situations. Twenty wolves were flown to Washington, with an assist from a friendly vet who listed them as German shepherds, the air-freight rates for dogs being considerably less than those for wolves. The other 36 were crated and trucked across country by Lynch and a friend in a single, difficult nonstop winter drive.

All of the wolves survived the trip, and as far as the physical condition of the pack goes, the transcontinental move has proved to be a good one. The new pens Lynch built are free-form, winding through the big trees, and are not neat

continued

in the symmetrical, institutional fashion of those in conventional zoos. They are probably more comfortable and commodious for the wolves and more effective at containing them. Wolves are not easy animals to pen, being strong diggers and leapers capable, as Lynch has learned, of clearing nine-foot fences when well motivated. The enclosures are exceptionally clean looking and smell better, as I told Lynch one day, than any wild wolf dens I've investigated. The animals are fit and vigorous and show very little of the pacing and aberrant displacement activity that often afflicts large caged predators. The reproductive rate has risen, the pack having almost doubled in size since the move from Pennsylvania. There is an old saying that a good way to learn the truth about a man is to look at his dog. If so, the condition of these wolves strongly suggests that they have lived under the care of a devoted, thoughtful and very energetic man.

The adequacy of Lynch's arrangements for the lobos has been certified by innumerable federal, state, local and private humane agents, whom Lynch has had about his place like some kennels have fleas. (Incidentally, Lynch has found that with proper diet, wolves rarely have ticks and fleas, and there is thus no need to use poisons to prevent such parasites.)

Given the unique circumstances of the wolf sanctuary, Lynch's notion that he has been a bit over-investigated is probably not unreasonable. In a great range of endeavors—providing social services, preserving natural resources—the general feeling seems to be that only public agencies or large private institutions are competent and trustworthy. It is somehow suspicious and unseemly for a private, unmoneyed individual to be the protector of the last buffalo wolves or, for that matter, of anything; if the things are worth keeping, some official body like the Department of the Interior, the Ford Foundation or the Sierra Club should be in charge. Certainly, this is sometimes the case, but not always. As one who has had considerable interest in comparing various arrangements for preserving rare, wild creatures, I can think of no public agency or corporate-style private institution that could have done a better job of saving the last of the buffalo wolves than McCleery and Lynch have. There

is another point worth considering. Every buffalo wolf in the U.S. was once under the care or control of state and federal agencies. The only buffalo wolves still alive are the descendants of those animals that escaped the attentions of public officials and came under the private protection of McCleery and Lynch.

In the Olympic Peninsula, as in Pennsylvania, maintaining the pack has been essentially a one-man operation. Occasionally students or unattached young wolf lovers have turned up offering their assistance. Some worked out better and remained longer than others, but none stayed for very long. Some, according to Lynch, seemed to be in search of therapeutic effect that might be derived from grooving on wolves. Most did not have the stomach or strength for the work involved. There were limits to how long even the best of them were able or willing to continue. Then three years ago a woman named Mary Wheeler turned up, and Lynch feels that her coincidental coming was one of the best things that ever happened to him or the wolves. An active, outspoken, confident woman, a kind of Alpha female, Wheeler had raised a family in the Los Angeles area, had gone through a divorce and had been wandering around the West in a van with three goats and some camping gear, looking for a retreat and meaning, just as Lynch once had. In 1976 she bought a cottage overlooking Discovery Bay, a mile or so from Lynch's property. Though heretofore a city or suburban person, Wheeler was a passionate animal lover. "I was the one everybody in the neighborhood brought animals to, and usually left them with," she says. "Abandoned kittens, fledgling birds, sick dogs." Inevitably, after settling in on the shores of Discovery Bay, she was attracted to the wolf sanctuary and began hanging around it as a volunteer worker. Her initial reception was not cordial. Lynch was preoccupied with his usual wolf work and with what he describes as the bitter breakup of his marriage. "I was worn down, half-crazy and ready to flip out," he says of this bad time.

"He was like a man withdrawing from the world," says Wheeler, "or maybe someone turning into stone. Once in a

while I got a glimpse of what he really was—a very smart, kind man—but not very often. I started to avoid the place because there was trouble there that I couldn't do anything about."

In 1978 Wheeler heard a conversation in the village store to the effect that the wolf man was dying in his house, unattended. "I said, 'My God, why hasn't somebody done something?'" she says. "I can't understand how people can just stand around talking about something like that."

She went at once to Lynch's cabin and found him in a coma, brought about, it was later diagnosed, by a combination of exhaustion, bad food and little of it, a viral infection and assorted anxieties. Wheeler took charge, nursing and feeding, cleaning up the premises and doing what wolf chores she could. When Lynch recovered she stayed on, working regularly with him and for the pack. Her special area of expertise has become the pups, 13 of which she hand-raised this summer. Often in the past, small pups would squirm through fences into adjacent pens or press too closely against such fences. Because prohibitions against violence among wolves apply principally within packs and not to those wolves over there, many of the young animals that Lynch could not foster by himself were killed by adults as trespassers.

Despite—in fact, partly because of—his success with new litters, neither Lynch nor Wheeler, who has become in effect an associate pack leader, is optimistic about the future of the sanctuary on the Olympic Peninsula. This year, for the first time, Lynch culled nine animals that were weak or defective. As he somberly admits, there are too many wolves. Destroying the animals under any circumstances is emotional torture for Lynch, and in the future he plans to let natural attrition reduce the pack. By not allowing them to breed, he hopes to eliminate subspecies other than *rudis*, retaining only the true buffalo wolves. He believes somewhere between 35 and 50 of these animals will provide sufficient genetic variety to maintain good breeding stock.

Lynch sees other crises closing in around the present sanctuary. Farm and ranchlands on the Olympic Peninsula are being sold off to resort and residential de-

continued

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velopers, and he must travel farther and work longer to find meat. His chronic money problems have worsened because of his impending divorce settlement and because he has closed the sanctuary to fee-paying tourists. He took this step because the larger number of wolves has made it impossible for him to care for them and also supervise stray visitors. Predictably, Lynch does not seem to greatly regret the absence of the tourists. The sanctuary is now largely dependent on the largesse of 100 or so "wolf adopters," individuals and families throughout the country who make monthly donations for the upkeep of an individual wolf or the pack in general. To facilitate such donations, the sanctuary has been formally established as the nonprofit, tax-free Dr. E. H. McCleery Lobo Wolf Foundation. Even so, expenses remain greater than income. The wolves get by because of the willingness of Lynch and Wheeler to live on very little and in debt.

Lynch feels that he should find a better, more secluded retreat. And there is a dream that is never long out of his mind. In it the buffalo wolves are returned to part of their ancient range and allowed to live there as feral, free animals. "Technically, it is feasible," says Lynch. "I would need a full section of land in an isolated area. I would fence it into three large pens, say of 200 acres each. I'd put a good pair in each enclosure and start to provide them with live game. I would begin to harass them, shoot at them with pellets that sting but do not wound, set padded traps that hurt but do not maim, chase them on horseback, in Jeeps and on snowmobiles, teach them that man always means trouble, to be afraid of the sound, sight and smell of him. By the time their pups were mature they would be wary enough to be released."

The question that brings Lynch quickly down to earth, as it does others who contemplate the reintroduction to the wild of wolves and other large species, is where this release might be made. There has been talk that wolves might be brought back to Yellowstone or Glacier parks, both of which may now harbor a few animals as either casual visitors from Canada or as permanent, secretive residents. However, there is a doubt that reintroduced wolves would remain in a park and thus avoid confrontation with

private landowners and domestic stock animals. Or, if they did, that their presence would be compatible with other park uses. Some ecologists have suggested establishing a large preserve in the northern plains and mountain area that would encompass 20 or 30 thousand acres of fenced land. In it wolves and other endangered species would be released and contained. The public would be excluded from these lands for several decades while the experiment was proceeding and its results analyzed.

"Biologically it is possible, but the politics make it improbable," says Lynch. "I doubt that this country cares enough or is farsighted enough for something like that. I don't really believe that the Parks or Forest Service or any government outfit cares enough to organize a non-public-use preserve or has guts enough to keep the long-range promises that would have to be made."

Because of his feelings about public wildlife agencies and agents, Lynch says flatly, "I would not permit any of the buffalo wolves to be used in any reintroduction scheme unless I had absolute, no-strings-attached authority over how they were used. Too much has gone into preserving them to take a chance on them being lost or mongrelized by some bureaucrat who cares more about politics and his job than about wolves."

Lynch has a backup ambition. "I'd like a place where, for whatever we have left of our lives, Mary and I could work quietly with the wolves and preserve the nucleus gene pool, so it would be there if in the future something happened that would permit successful reintroduction. It would be a place without near neighbors and the hassles that go with neighbors. God knows I'm used to living without money, but I'd like enough so we were not always on the verge of disaster—enough for some decent equipment and maybe to pay a living wage for one or two competent assistants. I'd like a lot more time just to observe and think. I've been with these wolves 19 years, and I'm just beginning to understand how much there is still to know. I've never had time to organize and expand my notes, or even make notes on a lot of ob-

servations and ideas I've had. On a place like that I'd want a small guest cabin where serious students, not the ego trippers, could stay and watch the wolves. We could exchange ideas. I don't know how or if that can happen. I don't think it should be done on public land or with public money. I suppose I'm thinking of a private patron, an angel or a consortium of angels. I keep hoping that something will turn up. The strange thing is that from the beginning, when old Dr. McCleery got the first wolves, something has always turned up when the wolves needed it the most."

As has been suggested, Jack Lynch is not a man who reacts agreeably if he thinks he is being baited or teased. The final question was put carefully. "Jack, you have given 19 years—hard years—of your life to these animals. As a matter of cold fact, they are museum pieces, like a lock of George Washington's hair or an old musket. They can't survive except as wards. They have no natural ecological function or impact. It seems very unlikely that anything is going to change for them. So the hard question is, why have you done what you've done? Why do you keep on being the Keeper?"

Lynch took a quick step or two backward, pivoted on his heel, stared for a few moments toward the wolf pens and then turned again, shaking his head from side to side. "What you are really asking is whether my life has been worth anything?"

"Yes."

"All right. If the animals in those pens disappear, the buffalo wolf is gone forever. There is nothing we can do to recreate them. In their genes is the history of the evolutionary and ecological forces that made this land—made us, too. I have kept something unique, historic and magnificent alive in this world. Otherwise it would be gone forever. Before I came to the wolves I was like a lot of people. I couldn't name one thing I had done that was worth anything to anybody but myself, that would have any meaning after I was gone. Now I have saved the genes of the buffalo wolves. I am part of history, which means I am part of the future, whether anybody remembers my name or not. I believe that my life has been worth something. I don't envy any man."

END

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First Person

by KENNETH RUDEEN

EVEN THE DOG DAYS DIDN'T DIMINISH THE JOY OF BIKING ON THE OPEN ROAD

A little over a year ago my wife, Anne, and daughter, Louisa, gave me a bicycle for my 49th birthday, and almost immediately it began to change my life. Now I have two bikes, normal blood pressure after years of high-average checkups, a lower resting pulse rate, leg muscles that I flex for friends at slight provocation and, having taken off 25 pounds, the bean-pole build of a teen-ager. What's more, I have gained a window on an all-but-invisible American subculture—competitive bicycling.

In late August this year, a week after my 50th birthday, I pedaled off on a 700-mile solo bike tour. Anne was writing a book, Louisa was heading back to school, and I had some vacation coming, so it was a perfect time for such a journey. And I had a couple of goals: first, to make a pilgrimage to the Saratoga Springs, N.Y. shop of Ben Serotta, the craftsman who built the frame of bike No. 2; second, to thumb my nose at encroaching age. I had begun to be concerned about that some months before the birthday bike, a middling-quality 10-speed, arrived. The cause of my concern was a Manhattan street scene in which a persistent hooker and I were the actors. Angered by my rebuff, as a parting epithet the lady had snapped, approximately, "You white-haired old fornicator."

White-haired I was, and am—prematurely, of course. But old? How could she have been so cruel. Admittedly, after more than two decades of magazine writing and editing, years of heavy smoking and frequent deadlines, I couldn't pass for a kid anymore. I knew I could stand some exercise. But I despised jogging and, being a heavy-boned sinker, swimming was out of the question. But to my astonishment, I took to bicycling like a raccoon to garbage cans. Soon I was doing 20, 30, 40 miles a day on the lightly traveled roads near my home in the exurbs north of New York City.

As I studied up on bicycling, I began to get a yen for a "nice bike," an ultra-

lightweight number of the kind racers ride. After seeing a report on a Serotta in *Bicycling* magazine, I ordered one. On the day after Christmas 1978, I drove over to Park Ridge, N.J. to get it. There is no Santa Claus, you say? I give you two—Ben Serotta and Walt Grotz, the latter a former intercollegiate and New Jersey state track racing champion and onetime holder of the U.S. 25-mile road record, who runs the Cyclesport bike shop and is Serotta's retailer in my part of the megapolitis. Grotz and a helper, racer Dave Rosenkrans, spent the afternoon patiently, expertly completing the assembly of a dream of a bike. When they were finished, my glistening blue Serotta frameset of Columbus tubing was hung with Campagnolo brakes, cranks, pedals, derailleurs and such, 31.1 saddle and stem, Cinelli bars, Mavic wheels and Clement sewup tires.

That bike was one of the most beautiful things I'd ever seen. And, oh my, what a beast on the road. At 21½ pounds—compared with the 30 of old No. 1, which I kept for bad-road, bad-weather riding—and with a shorter wheelbase, smaller fork rake, steeper angles and those sewups, the Serotta was to my other bike as a quarter horse is to a lead pony. That I paid close to \$900 for it struck some of my friends as extravagant. But I regard it as perhaps the best and most sensible purchase I ever made. It is not merely functional for fun and fitness; it is a work of art.

As I began planning my I'm-50-but-don't-feel-it tour, I wasn't crazy about the idea of hanging luggage panniers and a seat bag on that racy bicycle, but of

necessity I did, and on a gray August morning, wearing black bike shorts and a T shirt and with cleated shoes strapped into toe clips, headed toward Saratoga Springs, 190 miles away.

A broken spoke two hours out was a minor, easily fixed annoyance. The Housatonic River in western Connecticut was a frequent companion as the miles floated past. Four deer came down from a steep green ridge of the Berkshire foothills to eye me and nibble at windfalls in an orchard,

where I took refuge from a sudden rain-squall not 300 yards from the day's destination, the White Hart Inn in Salisbury, Conn.

I did 65 miles on Day 1, and at dinner in the inn that evening, attired in a "dress" outfit of red polo shirt, green trousers and orange lightweight running shoes—a clash of colors that would have sent Anne up the wall had she seen it—I was euphoric. The ride had been invigorating, the scenery splendid, the passing motorists courteous, as they would be throughout the tour. I felt young.

The next day's ride, to Williamstown, Mass., brought the first of the tour's three flat tires (with uncanny foresight I had packed three spurs) and momentary doubt as to whether I should have switched to the more common clincher rims and wired-on tires. Standard wisdom says to tour on wired-ons, but I found the feel and lightness of the more vulnerable sewups irresistible. Still do. Glass fragments caused two of the three flats, and I realized I might have prevented both if I had used "tire-savers" or run a gloved hand over the tires more often to brush away the roadside debris they picked up. My failure to do so makes me no less angry at people who throw bottles from cars. The aggravation they cause bicyclists nationwide must be enormous.

That afternoon a thunderstorm caught me far from shelter on Route 7 in northwestern Massachusetts. I crouched for half an hour beneath a table tilted up against the rain at a roadside picnic area. Next morning the local newspaper reported that a man had been killed by lightning in the same storm. Irrationally,

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FIRST PERSON (continued)

I suppose, the story reinforced my long-standing belief that the average luck that had marked my life would continue indefinitely. I would cash no million-dollar lottery tickets, but then I wouldn't catch a lightning bolt, either.

What I did catch the following day was a pair of monster hulls, both of them six-cents of about four miles. I made it all the way up the first one—and most of the second—sitting down, but I resolved to put a freewheel with somewhat lower gearing on the bike when I got to Saratoga Springs that afternoon. Scrotas himself supervised the switchover at a bike shop he once owned, and he and his wife, Marcie, kindly invited me to dinner.

I had pictured the Scrotas as rugged individualists making it in a world that gets tougher on small enterprises every day, and that proved to be the case. After more than four years of seven-day, 12-hour-a-day workweeks, Ben, who is 26, and Marcie, 26, who contributes importantly to frame finishing by, among other things, using jewelers' files to give an impeccable tapered look to the lugs that anchor the frame tubes, have recently been able to hire an apprentice and, most weeks, operate on a six-day schedule. Their work is done in two small sheds and a third structure, not big enough to be called a barn, situated behind the solid old farmhouse west of Saratoga that the Scrotas are fixing up. At peak production the Scrotas can turn out 10 Club Special—that is, semicustom—frames a week, that's the kind I have. They also build custom racing and touring frames tailored to the buyer's most finicky specs, as well as a tandem.

I liked it when Ben said he makes the best frames he can not only because his name goes on them but also because "lives are at stake." By then I had come to like everything about Ben and Marcie, and to feel inordinately proud of myself for having made the buy I did, despite the scant research on the subject readily available to laymen.

Having a Scrotas also had given me a rooting interest in bike races, to which I was beginning to go, and here again I was fortunate. At the first competition I saw, the Memorial Day Tour of Somerville, N.J., Pennsylvania's Mac Martin won the 50-mile feature. In September's 100-kilometer pro-am on the boardwalk at Wildwood, N.J., Indianan Tom Doughty came home third. Because both raced Scrotas in fields loaded with Ital-

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FIRST PERSON (continued)

ter the bars with the can and its mount, but I tried the other defenses. Outspeeding dogs was the best of them, but I thought it was damned unfair to be subjected to a two-dog relay one afternoon in southern New Hampshire. As if they had practiced in anticipation of my arrival on their stretch of road, Dog 1 took me for 40 yards and then handed me over to Dog 2, who, in his exuberance, got ahead of me. A wheel feint spooked him long enough to ensure my getaway. Serotta calls such dog races a hiker tourist's "interval training." Speaking for myself, I would have liked longer intervals between the intervals.

In Pike River, Quebec, I unwisely let myself be startled by the sudden appearance of a dog. I jerked my right foot out of the strap to get in a kick at him, a stupid thing to do, and in the process nudged a pannier rack hook free. That caused the right-side pannier to sag against the spokes and freewheel, making expensive noises. Chalk up some more good luck, the damage was only a two-inch rip in the pannier and a bent rack strut.

Not long after returning from the tour, I pulled away from home on my hike and saw, maybe 30 yards ahead, two little girls on one bicycle, the one forward pedaling, the one aft astride the seat and holding, so help me, a good-sized, squirming dog. I knew exactly what was going to happen. As I accelerated past, the dog got loose and gave me all the speed I could handle.

But on dog days and all the others, the tour had been a sharp, refreshing break from routine. Mileage covered varied from 30 to 65 or 70 a day. A couple of days I rested up and rode not at all. I had gazed at pleasant lakes and streams, farms and forests, and had made a number of interesting ascents and gleeful downhill runs—although none of the "open-coffin" swoops dear to those who fancy themselves daredevil riders. Thirty miles an hour, by my reckoning, was about tops downhill.

While I am now frisky enough to weather the geriatric slurs of street ladies not to mention friends who come on with the "silver-fox" approach, I haven't quite recaptured the feeling one has, when truly young, that life is endless and foolhardy risks are worth taking. It's probably just as well; I'd like to be in one piece and pedaling next year, and the year after that. There are a lot of other places I want to ride to.

END

THIS YEAR 2000 FOOTBALL COACHES WILL AGREE ON ONE THING:



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At the end of this season, the American Football Coaches Association will agree on 22 college football players who are representative of the best in the nation. For these young men, it will

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Where did this appear? Time? Business Week? People? No, it's from *Sole Support*, a piece in *Sports Illustrated's Scorecard*, where the news of sports is wide and varied.

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BEST TEAM

Sir

I would like to congratulate the Pittsburgh Pirates on their sensational comeback victory over the Dnolos, and I also would like to congratulate you for looking into your crystal ball and coming up with the article *Pitt, the City Where They Hit* in your April 9 Baseball Issue. The "79 Pirates didn't let that tradition down. Dave Parker said it all when he raised his index finger in the air on the cover of the Baseball Issue.

PETER MARINELLO
Albion, N.Y.

Sir

In your 1971 major league preview (April 17, 1971) you called the Baltimore Orioles "the best damn team in baseball." The Pirates beat them in the World Series. In this summer's Silver Anniversary Issue (Aug. 13) you moderated your stance and only called the Orioles "the best team in baseball." Again, Pittsburgh beat Baltimore in the Series. The next time you declare the Orioles the best, I shall take a second mortgage and bet the bundle on the Bucs.

SHERMAN BERGER
Spring Valley, N.Y.

ANOTHER VOTE FOR DRYDEN

Sir

Ken Dryden's review of hockey's evolution in recent years is the most accurate account I have seen (*A Game in Search of Some Contexts*, Oct. 8). Many athletes wish to put "something back" into the game that has done much for them. Dryden has done this with a sincere and honest insight into a great game in need of a transfiguration. The NHL should monitor "Dr." Dryden's diagnosis for future cure. Better yet, the NHL should retain Dryden as its resident "physician."

MARSHALL JOHNSON
Hockey Coach
University of Denver
Denver

COMING HOME

Sir

I enjoyed the *Homecoming* articles in your Oct. 22 issue. I happened to be visiting the Brothers of Holy Cross at Columba Hall on the Notre Dame campus that weekend. Ray Kennedy captured perfectly the entire weekend—Friday pep rally to Sunday mass. What a pleasure to read four such entertaining and nostalgic stories.

THOMAS J. DEWEY
Rocky River, Ohio

Sir

I thoroughly enjoyed the *Homecoming* stories and I'm glad I read them in the order I

chose: Fimrege, Underwood, Deford, Kennedy. To have finished with Deford's depressing account would have dulled my appreciation for the whole—like grounds in the last sup of a good cup of coffee.

It's too bad that the snobbery that the Big Three pass off as literate gentility is allowed to dampen the many worthwhile aspects of intercollegiate athletics. I need only look down the road to Stanford University for evidence that the Ivy League notion that arts and letters are incompatible with competitive football at the highest level is an idle one. Come on, Harvard, Yale and Princeton, I'll stack Stanford's schools of law, medicine, engineering, humanities, etc. against yours any day, and throw in a bowl game to boot!

RIC TENGLE
Stanford, Calif.

Sir

Although I enjoyed parts of Frank Deford's homecoming—what Princeton graduate wouldn't?—he ultimately failed to convince me that he had come away from any alma mater with any "smarts." If he had graduated with an ounce of intelligence to compensate for the pounds of sarcastic but unfortunately sexist humor, he would have realized that Princeton football "has gone all to hell" not because "they let girls in the school," but because, after letting them in, they didn't let them play!

RENEE CHLANGE
Princeton '79
Washington, D.C.

PS AND Qs

Sir

In the 19TH HOLE section of your Oct. 22 issue, a reader suggests that Jack Quinn, who pitched for New York and Cincinnati, among other teams, holds the record for most home runs hit by a player whose name begins with the letter Q. We looked up Jack Quinn in *The Official Encyclopedia of Baseball*. All of the facts were correct, he did pitch for the New York team and the Cincinnati team, he did hit eight home runs in his career. But although he played under the name of John Picus Quinn, his real name turned out to be John Quinn Picus. So it appears that Jame Quirk can relax, still holding the record for most homers hit by a person whose real name begins with Q.

JERRY VANSCHAAR
Tom VANSCHAAR
Dayton

Sir

I believe I may have found the true leader of the Qs. Neither Jack Quinn nor Jame Quirk has the distinction of being the all-time

home-run hitter whose last name begins with Q. Joseph J. Quinn hit a grand total of 30 homers from 1884 to 1901. He may also hold the record for most times changing teams by a "Q" person. He started with St. Louis of the Union Association, then followed with St. Louis of the National League, Boston of the NL, Boston of the Players League, Boston of the NL, St. Louis of the NL, Baltimore of the NL, St. Louis of the NL, Cincinnati of the NL and Washington of the American League. He was player/manager for St. Louis in 1895 and Cleveland in 1899. Amazingly, the Cleveland team he managed for 116 games in 1899 finished 84 games out of first with a record of 20-134! And people thought Casey's Men had a rough time.

DOUGLAS A. CORNER
Patrick AFB, Fla.

FERGUSONS

Sir

Your SCORECARD item (Oct. 22) omitted one other Ferguson, Tom. He has won the world championship in calf roping (1974) and in steer wrestling (1977 and '78), and he has won or shared the past five world all-around titles (1974-78). His total career earnings now stand at \$523,734 in the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association.

It's obviously time to brush up on Tom Ferguson, a big name in sports these days.

FRANK WEINER
Redvale, Colo.

Sir

The title of your SCORECARD item was "Sons of Ferg." It would have been more appropriate if it had been "Sons of Ferguson." In *The Origin and Significance of Scottish Surnames* it says: "Ferguson, the son of Fergus, which signifies a brave chieftain..." As for the athletes you have mentioned, would you have expected anything less from the Ferguson clan?

JAY FERGUSON
South Windsor, Conn.

CUTTING KIOS

Sir

As a fellow soccer coach and coordinator for youth soccer, I empathize with Dan Woog having to cut from his soccer team earnest and deserving young children not talented enough to make it (*VIEWPOINT*, Oct. 15). I don't think there is anything that can be done to make the coach's life any easier in this respect. It may be the most painful part of the job. But maybe something can be done for those youngsters who tried and didn't make it. Instead of calling just those who made the team on the final cut night, why not also call

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those who didn't and thank them for trying." Woog mentioned that he wishes he could "come up with the right combination of words to let [the player who has been cut] know that I still respect and admire the way he gave his best." Maybe Woog could try harder.

NEIL MASON
Youth Soccer Coordinator
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Sir:

As a high school soccer and basketball coach, I couldn't help identifying with Dan Woog as he shared his feelings about "cut time." One thing, however, really surprised me, and that was Woog's method for notifying the chosen players by phone. If a youngster has the courage to put himself on the line and try out for the team, risking failure in front of his peers, I certainly owe it to him to tell him face to face what my decision is. I definitely could not let an armade phone call give him that message.

PEPE SANDOVAL
Varsity Soccer Coach
Centennial High School
Ellicott City, Md.

Sir:

In a sanctimonious way, Dan Woog gave a capsule summary of what is wrong with

youth sports today. If he would spend less time worrying about international junkies for his selected, sub-teen superstars and more time trying to organize a couple of more teams for the remaining 30 kids, he would never have to go through the "agonizing" experience of telling a 12-year-old that he cannot compete in organized sports.

CRAIG M. BRANDT
Dayton

Sir:

Dan Woog's dilemma is summed up in his sixth paragraph, "... great trips to sunny Florida. We toured Virginia, Canada and Europe ... Giants Stadium in 1977 ... trimming the 40 or 50 boys who show up at tryouts to a manageable squad of 18."

That's too much, too soon, for too few 12-year-old boys, and such an approach exploits the talents of the few at the expense of conducting a far less sophisticated grass-roots program that serves the needs of the many. As long as there are those who espouse this doctrine, Woog's agony (and that of a tremendous number of kids) will continue.

RALPH S. CORRA
Director
Parks & Recreation
Narragansett, R.I.

Sir:

Dan Woog's story about having to cut a total of 40 or 50 applicants to a manageable squad of 18 soccer players is touching, but let him take heart. The American Youth Soccer Organization will take every one of his rejects, even the "eight or 10 least talented," and put them on balanced teams where everyone plays (AYSO's motto) at least half of each game, which is probably a lot more action than the last few players on Dan's squad will see during the season.

Not only that, but the players will have just as good a chance of being in a soccer movie (which has happened more than once to an AYSO team), or of performing before a large crowd or taking a cultural trip abroad or within the U.S.; and all of this without the least risk of heartbreak, however temporary. AYSO's program applies equally to boys and girls between the ages of five and 18.

FRED MAUTNER
Treasurer
American Youth Soccer Organization
Inglewood, Calif.

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DAVID MANWARING

BORN: Hendersonville, North Carolina, 1946

HOME: Brooklyn, New York

PROFESSION: Theatrical artisan.

REVIEW: His armor for Lynn Fiedgrave's "Saint Joan" is regarded as some of the most realistic costuming and props on Broadway. And it's typical Manwaring.

QUOTE: "Theatre can no longer afford to cheat the imagination. The stage must compete with film and television; and my art must be more sophisticated... more authentic... to be equally convincing."

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David C. Manwaring

